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**YULE-TIDE.**

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

I feel the swing of the soundless tide,  
Which drifts the still hours away;  
The year is old, but the hour is young,  
And the dawn of a coming day.  
Which, a charm of love, doth lie  
On earth, from the Christ-child's dimpled hand,  
'Neath the soft Judean sky.  
But I hear no song on the sleeping air;  
Ah, not the song which rang  
O'er the vine-clad hills where Bethlehem lay,  
Grew faint as the angels sang;  
And the light which spered the chanting host  
Waxed dim in the blue afar,  
And the night grew chill as the nights of old,  
As the Magi watched its star.  
And the angel's song was the Babe's low wail,  
Before the morning broke,  
And the fair Babe learned to voice His thought  
In the words which mortals spake;  
So the tongue grew grand with the truth it bore,  
And holy in the love it told,  
Till in the dark of the cross, with prayer He  
clashed,  
Man's life to the peace of old.  
But I hear to-night, not the angels' song,  
But the hoarse, thick cry of sin;  
The sounds of strife, the plash of tears,  
A Babe's clash and din;  
And the air is heavy with unshed tears,  
And hounds with a far wailing;  
Oh, strong are the bars which hold us yet,  
From the blessed age of gold!  
Yet hail! All hail, glad Christmas morn!  
Thy day dawns fair and sweet;  
Thy light is falling on blinded eyes,  
And the paths of weary feet.  
The voice of prayer comes up from the dark,  
And hymns of praise are sung,  
Across all life to the shades of death,  
Where a veil of terror swung.  
The life, O Christ, is strong to-day  
Which stirs in the hearts of men,  
And the voice of prayer is holier now  
Than the songs of angels then;  
And the hope grows keen, through the grades  
Of shame,  
Of help in the war with sin,  
And a day when the gates of endless life  
Shall open to let them in.  
Ah, Lord! higher up the slopes of peace  
Is this sad world to-day  
Than any morn since the Christ-child's feet  
Went over the weary way;  
And a holier thing it is to breathe  
In the air by loved made sweet,  
Where the storms of hate are chained by  
Thee,  
Like Galilee's waves at Thy feet.  
O Christmas bells! Ring out! Ring out!  
Fill the frosty air with sound;  
Shine, blessed morn, with thy glow of peace,  
Beyond pain's utmost bound;  
For the day which dawns shall ne'er go down  
Till our P-mal comes back,  
And every age, trail-draped in light,  
Along its golden track.  
Dexter, Dec., 1882.

**THE HERE-INS OF GERMAN ORTHODOXY.**

BY REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN.

It is no longer a matter of choice whether an American clergyman shall confine his studies to English-speaking theologians. The Rhine empties into the Hudson. The nations have come together. The international rules the hour, and will rule the coming hours. Steam and the telegraph have smitten space, and before this generation shall have passed, by the aid of the telephone a professor of theology in Berlin may lecture from his chair in the university to all the young theologues of America at a single sitting. Omnipresence is not so incomprehensible as it used to be. The day of ethnic religions and of ethnic theologues is past. Prof. Hall discovers the moons of Mars in the sight of all the world. So Tyndal experiments in physical science. So Lange and Dornier teach theology.  
In theological literature Germany leads the world. The student of Coleridge and Stanley and Alford alike goes to school to the Germans. The extensive circulation of Clark's Foreign Theological Library and of the Lange and Meyer commentaries indicates the welcome which the German theologian receives in America. Church history and exegesis are almost monopolized by them; and it would seem that Providence had committed to the countrymen of Luther the task of winning the battle for Christian doctrine, at least for the next hundred years. Christlieb, who was the most conspicuous member of the New York meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, speaking of this divine mission of his countrymen, says, "The nation of thinkers" is evidently at the same time a nation fitted for the service of Christ.  
So profound and earnest have been the theologians of Germany during the last three generations, that their errors, and the heretics among them, hardly less than the orthodox, have

advanced the cause of Christian truth. Semler, for example, the father of rationalism, was the author of the historical criticism which now influences, and must hereafter rule, all biblical interpretation. And the much-dreaded German rationalism not only supplied new weapons and wonderful men for the defense of Christianity, but also gave to the world the science of criticism, a method of analysis in which philosophy and history are jointly employed in the investigation of every branch of knowledge. The old battle, ever renewed, between faith and unbelief, was never more valiantly fought than in the great movement called Rationalism, which began about 1750 with Semler, and reached its climax in 1835 when Strauss published "his Leben Jesu." The smoke of the battle is now clearing, and the victory is with faith. When Tholuck became professor of theology at Halle in 1826, he found himself without pupils and the rationalist Gesenius as the leading spirit in the university. At the beginning of the century supernaturalism seemed a lost cause. But God has many resources. Schleiermacher was raised up, who like Wesley kindled his torch at Moravian altars, and called back his countrymen to spiritual religion. Neander was one of his first disciples. Others soon followed, and to-day the ranks of orthodoxy include such names as Tholuck, Olshausen, Twisten, Ullmann, Lücke, Bleek, Meyer, Rothe, Lange, Stier, Keil, Delitzsch, Julius Müller, and Christlieb. The long struggle with unbelief has resulted in a deeper and a wiser faith. Up, step by step, through many doubts and battles, passed the ancient faith to the sunlight and supremacy that are complete to-day than in any day of the past. "Thy word is tried to the uttermost and Thy servant loveth it."

"You tell me doubt is devil born.  
"I know not; one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true.  
"Perplexed in faith but not in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out,  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Schleiermacher was the Zorubabel who led back the German mind from the captivity of rationalism. But Ezra and Nehemiah were needed to complete the glorious return, and these appeared in Neander and Tholuck, the former of whom opened up the divine vision of the kingdom of God, while the latter opened up the Scriptures.

Not, indeed, that all have come back. Some remain still "by the rivers of Babylon," while others, like the noble De Wette, perished in the desert with their faces toward Jerusalem. A short time before his death De Wette wrote the pathetic lines:—  
"I lived in times of doubt and strife,  
When childlike faith was forced to yield;  
I struggled to the end of life,  
Alas! I did not gain the field."

The religious press has done its full duty in publishing the defeat of rationalism. But in one respect it has not done its duty. It has either said too much or too little, for it has not sufficiently pointed out that German orthodoxy is not the orthodoxy of the American churches. And while it has sent young men to German authors and universities, it has not sounded the caveat against their novelties or errors. The new temple at whose shrine they worship not less devoutly than their fathers, is not the temple of Solomon, but another, and whether the glory of the second house shall exceed that of the former, is a question for the future to decide.

For example, their Bible is no longer the old Bible, whose measure was the Formula of Concord. A few illustrations will show the drift of this "new orthodoxy."  
Inspiration.—Comparatively few of these Germans got back to the Reformation theory of inspiration. On this fundamental question their views are for the most part vague and liberal. Tholuck fairly represents them. "Inspiration according to Tholuck," says Dr. Hurst in his noble work on rationalism, "is not real and total, but only partial, and is to be determined in reference to the truths necessary to salvation. The Scriptures have a kernel and a shell. Upon the former there is a positive

and direct impress; but upon the latter it is indirect and relative." Lange's view is that "the Word of God is contained in the Scriptures." There are imperfections, but "these do not affect the kernel and religious centre of the Bible."

The Trinity.—On the question of the Trinity they lean toward Sabellianism. Even Christlieb, the champion against modern doubt, dislikes the term "persons." "The term persons," he says, "has something objectionable in it," and he turns away from the Athanasian Creed as "too stiffly arithmetical." "The conclusion we arrive at is this ['Modern Doubt']: If the divine teaching in Scripture is in the main concerned with the divine relations to us, and its trinity is therefore in the main a trinity of revelation, it is yet going much too far to say that it does not contain expressive hints of a real internal ontological trinity."

Christology.—On the nature of Christ they hold generally the kenotic theory, which Dr. Whedon, in the Quarterly, has denounced as absurd and heretical. This view of a self-limitation of the divine Logos in the incarnation may be absurd, but it certainly obviates difficulties which the old view meets in certain passages of Scripture.

Eschatology.—At the Evangelical Alliance in New York, Dr. Roswell Hitchcock said the church had yet to settle its eschatology, which, for a Presbyterian professor, was quite an avowal. On one point under this head the Germans seem to be united, to wit, that all probation does not end at death. Here, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, they all agree; a conclusion to which they are led by philosophy rather than by Scripture, though they affirm that Scripture also favors it, and point to Matt. 12:32; 1 Pet. 3:19; 4:6. Not that they do not believe in eternal punishment for the finally obdurate and rebellious, but that in the next world, if not in this, a full understanding of the divine love and a fair probation will be brought to all. When Tholuck was asked by a Methodist minister whether it would be profitable to preach that doctrine, he answered by a shrug of his shoulders and said he feared it might not be. This is the doctrine of Lange's Commentaries and of Julius Müller in his famous treatise on "Doctrine of Sin." Even Dr. Schaff, who in Germany set forth this view in an able work, still holds to it despite a trial for heresy and the influence of American conservatism; but he holds it now, he tells us, as an article of hope and charity, and not of faith and public doctrine—a distinction which is not only convenient, but, it would seem, increasingly useful.

As these Germans are now read by all the scholarly ministers of the United States, and especially by the young men in the schools of theology, it would seem that the acceptance or rejection of Rev. Newman Smyth by the Board of Visitors of Andover, is a matter of comparatively little importance. One thing is certain, that unless these heresies of German orthodoxy are fairly met and answered, the admission of "the new orthodoxy" to every school and pulpit in the land is only a question of time.

**WHAT IF THEY HAD NOT TOLD OF IT?**

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Such a wonderful manifestation! One angel suddenly flashing before the drowsy eyes of a few shepherds on a country hill, and then the one angel became a multitude of the heavenly host praising God! The single star multiplies, as if all the stars in the heavens had rushed toward that point and here congregated in a constellation of marvelous beauty, in each star a face, and from each face a voice, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!" All that happened not only sustained an important relation as testimony to the fact of the Incarnation, but since that time how it has kindled art into a holy flame, given wings to song, and added new depths of joy and peace to many hearts because bringing heaven close down to earth and brightening this life of shadows.

Between that manifestation and declaration of glory on the one hand, and on the other a world to be so enriched, the connecting wire was that row of shepherds looking up, listening, watching. What if they had cut the wire? What if they had refused to

make the connection? What if they had lacked faith? They might have called it an excitable dream and refused to be beguiled by telling it. They might have appreciated it enough to have accepted it as a fact, and yet kept it in their own hearts as the coffers of some sacred, golden mystery. What disposition would they make of this knowledge of the Christmas wonder—conceal it? No; the shepherds went and told what they had seen and heard. What a difference it made to the wondering Mary and Joseph, to others then, and the great Christian world since!

There are many to whom Christ has revealed Himself. No visible angel has accompanied that revelation, and yet it has hung a Christmas sky above them, not once a year, but every day. Have we no duty as message-bearers? We tell the story in our lives, it is true. Submission to the will of God, that is the Christ story. Forgiveness of injuries, that is the Christ story. The denial of appetite for another's sake, that is the Christ story. If we do not give this testimony of the life, all other witnessing is vain. But let that life be a voice as well as a spectacle. The angels did not stand and in silence look at this weary, old, sin-cursed earth. The first declared the Incarnation; and then around that declaration gathered the magnificent chorus of the "Gloria in Excelsis." Tell what Christ has been to you. Whisper His strength in the ear of that young man, weak through the temptation of strong drink. Write to some one far from home, and tell what Christ has been to you, stranger and sojourner on the earth. In some poor, unattractive home break the alabaster-box of your faith and let the fragrance of the King's ointment there be diffused. In the sick room tell of Him who can heal, and in the prison speak of Him who can break the chains of evil habit. Do not aim simply to be in character, but let life be speech sweet even as the Bethlehem-song, telling of the Christ who has been so much to you. Though an angel be a wonder, a still greater wonder is a human soul, man or woman, redeemed through Christ and now telling of His love. You may be to some single heart just as much of a blessing as the shepherds were to the world, when, having seen the Christmas glory and heard the Christmas angels, they turned and told of it.

**THE ASSISTANT RECTOR.**  
A Christmas Story.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

Miss Virginia Thomas stood on the tessellated pavement of the vestibule of the Episcopal church in South Sudham, looking in a hopeless sort of a way at the great piles of evergreens which had been thrown down there.

"I suppose," she remarked to the sexton, a tall gaunt man in a black suit appropriate to the sacred edifice, "that the decorations will turn out about the same as last year."

"Fraid so," the sexton replied. "The trouble is, Miss Thomas, that the folks who have the zeal haven't the knowledge, and the folks who have the knowledge haven't the strength or the inclination."

"Very true, Mr. Litson," the young lady replied. "Two years ago," the sexton resumed, "there wasn't a church anywhere around that could touch ours; but it took Elsie Dunreath nigh on to a week and day to do it, but she had both zeal and knowledge, you see."

The speaker had been pulling away the branches that blocked up the main entrance, and had not been looking at his companion, but now he stole a glance at the thin dark face of this haughty and richly-dressed young lady. She made no answer, but with a quick, nervous movement of her faultlessly-gloved hand, tore a sprig of holly from a branch at her side and walked slowly and thoughtfully into the church.

An informal meeting of the ladies of the church and congregation was to be held on this occasion for the purpose of coming to some decision in regard to the much-vexed subject of Christmas decorations. Miss Thomas, who seemed to be regarded in the light of a presiding officer, called the meeting to order in a characteristic fashion.

"Ladies," she said, "a few of us have discussed this matter before, and have about come to the conclusion that on the wisest method of procedure is to employ a man from the city to do our decorating. It seems to me that it would be fatal to have the failure of last year repeated. If I had the strength, I would gladly undertake the work myself, but I have not."

A slight murmur of approbation greeted the young lady's remarks. Miss Thomas' good opinion of herself was too deeply rooted to permit her to notice the unbelieving smiles and suppressed coughs from certain unpopular quarters.

"If those who had the strength would be willing to carry out my suggestions, then we might save our money," the young lady resumed; "but this, I suppose, is too much to expect. Mrs. Leonard told me the other day that the rector had never quite recovered from the blow he received from last falling

wreath last Christmas eve. Miss Longstreet may have a suggestion to make," as a merry laugh testified to this girl's presence.

"Nothing to speak of," she responded. "I never can help laughing, though, when I think how smashed the rector looked after that blow. The idea of putting a load of wood into a wreath, any way!"

"There was nothing as it should have been last Christmas," Miss Thomas looked a trifle disgusted, as she again took up the thread of her discourse; but Miss Longstreet's social position was equal to her own, and her father's money-bags almost as plenteous. She could neither be snubbed nor ignored, and Miss Thomas submitted as gracefully as she could to the inevitable.

"I give my vote in favor of employing a person to do this work for us," she added.

"But, Miss Thomas, just think," another lady remarked, "that will take all the poetry out of the work. It seems to me if it isn't quite so well done, that we had better do it ourselves. I for one am entirely impervious to criticism."

At this moment the rector's assistant entered the church.

"Let's leave it to Mr. Durivage," the last speaker suggested, as the gentleman in question came smilingly forward.

"Yes," he remarked, after Miss Thomas had placed the matter carefully before him, "we shall have to admit that last year's work was an ignominious failure; but Miss Thomas was not able at that time to give the matter her personal supervision. This year it will be different, will it not, Miss Thomas?"

The gentleman's manner was exceedingly deferential, but there was something in the smiling dark eyes, and about the firm but kindly mouth, that contradicted the words, eloquent speaker and minister of the Gospel though he was.

"I was here several times last year," Mr. Durivage, the lady replied, "but as I was saying a few moments ago, my suggestions were not thought worthy of consideration. On Dr. Leonard's account I wish they had been."

"That was unfortunate," Mr. Durivage replied, and as he spoke the queer something deepened in his eyes. It was almost a smile. "If you feel able to trust yourself as captain general, Miss Thomas," the gentleman added, "I will agree to act as mate, or general factotum. In the matter of step-ladders I feel that I should be a success. I have a strong, sharp jack-knife, and I can tie knots and cut knots with the next man."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Durivage," Miss Thomas replied, "but I do not feel equal to a captain generalship. The fact is, the criticism of last year's work makes us all feel a little timid."

"Very well, then," said the minister, "if this is the general feeling, I will not urge the matter; but if you would like to entrust the work to me, I will see that it is done, and well done; only, excuse me," as a dozen lips parted at once, "if I assume this responsibility, I am to be left absolutely free in the matter, and the decorations are not to be exhibited until the finishing touches are put on."

"Well, I don't care," Miss Longstreet remarked so hastily that the dozen ladies were obliged to swallow their words; "I don't see why the same one who decorated year before last can't do it this year. It was just an inspiration, so it was, and everybody said so. Wreaths and crosses stayed where they were put, too."

If Miss Longstreet had been detected in stealing one of the solid silver tankards of the communion service, she could not have been regarded with more horror than she was at this moment. Indeed, the surprise and disgust were so general, that not one of the party noticed the crimson flush that overspread the fair, cleanly-shaven face of the assistant rector.

"I am willing to give the business into your hands, Mr. Durivage," Miss Thomas found courage to remark; "but how much do you think it will cost?"

"Fifty dollars I should say was a fair price."

"And you think fifty dollars will cover the expense?" With all her money Miss Thomas was eminently practical and economical.

"I will agree that it shall cover the expense," and now the committee of arrangements broke up into little knots, each one, as is common with such gatherings, with a grievance or a different opinion from her neighbor.

"And Harry? Have you not heard from him yet?"

"No, Mr. Durivage."

"Excuse me, Miss Thomas, but you know my friendship for Harry. Have you not heard anything at all in these two years?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Durivage, nothing at all."

Mr. Durivage closed the carriage door, and walked back into the church, a very grave and sad looking young man, quite a contrast to the smiling, nonchalant gentleman of a few moments before.

The assistant rector was a man of unusual talent, and was already heir to a considerable property. Miss Thomas had always looked upon him with favor. As the wife of a popular and wealthy minister, her powers would have ample scope, and room was about all that this young lady desired. She could supply every other deficiency.

After delivering Miss Thomas' apologies for her sudden departure, Mr. Durivage went into the vestry, put on his great coat, and started out for a walk. It was getting dusky now, and the cold had increased as the short winter afternoon drew to its close. For a mile or more Mr. Durivage faced the keen northerly blast, and it was quite dark when he knocked cheerily on the door of a little cottage fully three miles from South Sudham.

"Well, Elsie?"

No lovelier face could ever have been dreamed of by poet or painter than this one that greeted Arthur Durivage. Great dark sad eyes with sweeping lashes, a low broad forehead, a pale oval face, a sweet mouth tremulous just now, with a line here and there that spoke of courage and determination—a face to love, and to swear by, and be faithful to, was this, the transcendently beautiful face of Elsie Dunreath.

"This is not right, Mr. Durivage," the girl remarked coldly.

"Elsie, I thought you might possibly strain a point this time, and say that you were glad to see me," the gentleman replied. "Do you know it is very cold, and that I have walked all the way here?" he added.

"Come near the fire, Mr. Durivage, and sit down, please," his companion responded. "Can it be that you have some news for me?"

As the girl spoke, she stood leaning forward a little, one hand pressed against her heart, her eyes full of an eagerness so intense that the assistant rector felt constrained to turn his head away.

"I have come to ask you to trim the church for the holidays, Elsie. Don't look so frightened, child. It is a very simple matter indeed, very simple."

"Come to ask me to trim the church?" the girl repeated so slowly and with so much surprise that her companion dropped his eyes again.

"You want me to do this work—me?"

"Elsie, the committee have given the matter into my hands. No questions are to be asked, the decorations are not to be inspected till they are completed, and I am authorized to pay for the work."

The assistant rector was not often awkward in speech or in manner, but he was undeniably both on this occasion.

"You mean no one is to know? O Mr. Durivage, it cannot be; indeed, it cannot."

"Why, Elsie?"

A sharp, impatient cry from an adjoining apartment brought the girl to her feet. She crossed the room quickly, and returned immediately with a child in her arms. He was a sweet little fellow, something over a year old, with great speaking eyes like his mother, only the child's eyes were full of laughter. The mother's eyes were full of tears.

"You have continued to think well of me, Mr. Durivage," Elsie replied, "and I am very grateful for it. It may seem a poor return for your kindness, sir," she went on after a painful pause, "but I hope you will never come here again. O Mr. Durivage," as her companion suddenly dropped the baby's hand he had been playing with, "it is only for your own sake. It makes no difference now what people think of me. I don't care any more; but if you were known to visit me, Mr. Durivage, it would ruin you, and you know it."

He did know it, this honest, pure-hearted, high-minded gentleman. He knew it only too well, and the knowledge filled him with indescribable misery.

"Elsie, we have no confessions in our church, but there are occasions when it seems to me they are absolutely needed. Don't you think if you could tell your story to some one who cared for you, and was wise enough to advise you, that you would be happier?"

which was very helpful to her companion.

"She told Dr. Leonard that she should never have driven you from your home if you had shown the least contrition for your conduct. Also that you had not exhibited the slightest shade of feeling for her sorrow, nor had you confided in her at all."

"All of which is very true; but there is this much to be said on the other side, Mr. Durivage, that my mother never once asked for my confidence. It was quite as well, though, for I should not have given it. Mr. Durivage"—oh, how hard and bitter the sweet voice had grown—"the sooner you accept the universal verdict of South Sudham in regard to myself, the better it will be for your peace of mind. I can see that you have some heroic idea of reconciling my mother to my continued existence, but nothing could be more foolish; for if that were possible, there would be still another thing to accomplish more difficult still!"

"Don't say it, Elsie, please!" Mr. Durivage interrupted.

"There is no need, since you know what I would say. Then you refuse to believe me when I tell you that there are no explanations possible. I have told you so before, and I repeat it. Please go now, Mr. Durivage, and please don't come again."

The assistant rector rose, buttoned up his coat, and walked to the door.

"I wish I could tell you, Elsie," he said, "how anxious I am that you should accept the offer I came here tonight to make you. The work can all be done in the evenings, and no one need know anything about it excepting the sexton and myself. You can trust Mr. Litson, can you not?"

"Yes, oh, yes," the girl replied wearily; "but how can you reconcile it to your conscience to deceive your parishioners in this way, Mr. Durivage? Why, even the rector, good kind man that he is, would think the place accursed if I touched it."

"Elsie," Mr. Durivage replied gravely, "your sorrow has made you unjust. Let me tell you this: you have no stauncher friend in the world than Dr. Leonard; and my child, in church matters I have no secrets from my rector. This and that are easily put together, are they not?"

"O Mr. Durivage!" The beautiful eyes overflowed with tears now, but the hard-drawn look had vanished from the mouth, leaving the face inexpressibly tender.

"I will tell you know to-morrow by Mildred, Mr. Durivage, by Mildred, and—and please—please go now—please go!"

With a kind good-night the assistant rector hurried from the cottage. Plodding along through the darkness and the bitter cold, this picture was ever before him—a beautiful woman, with a child pressed close to her heart, her cheek resting on the little one's flaxen head, while great sobs shook the slight figure from head to foot. It was that of the only woman he had loved, or ever could love; and sometimes, as he grimly told himself, with an affection which was in direct proportion to its hopelessness, the strongest proof of his devotion it was his privilege to give her—his unselfish service wherever it could be of use or comfort to her. It was the husk on which to feed his hungry heart, and if it failed to satisfy its craving, she, at least, should never know it.  
[Concluded next week.]

**EDITORIAL.**

The annual meeting of the alumni of Wesleyan University for Boston and vicinity, last Thursday evening, at the Vendome, was one of the pleasantest occasions the club has ever enjoyed. The weather was propitious, and some eighty happy fellow students met at the gathering. There were old students, and in hearty sympathy with the rising generation who had not met classmates since their graduation. The slow, mutual recognitions, after the changes of thirty or forty years, were something amusing and impressive. The large banquet hall of the hotel afforded the finest of accommodations. The absence of wives and sisters took somewhat away from the brilliancy of the spectacle, but it was amply compensated in the larger number of graduates present and the robust cheer of the occasion. The discrimination was intended only to embrace the ladies of the families of the alumni, and not the lady graduates themselves, although no one put in an appearance. The editor of this paper (class '41) was the presiding officer, and Mr. John C. Rand (class '63) the toast-master. Prof. William North Rice represented the college, and made an admirable speech, setting forth its material and educational progress. Pres. W. F. Warren (class '53) of Boston University, spoke with his usual ability and in hearty sympathy with the rising fortunes of his Alma Mater. Judge R. C. Pimman (class '45), of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, offered a few pleasant reasons for declining to make a set speech. Dr. D. H. Eia (class '57) read, in response to a call, a graceful poetic tribute to the college and its memories. Rev. J. B. Gould (class '46) was very happy in his familiar reference to college traditions. Rev. O. A. Brown, of Bromfield St. Church, responded for Ohio Wesleyan University in a polished and charming address. Prof. Coit, the new incumbent of the mathematical chair of Boston University, answered in appropriate sentences for Syracuse University. T. B. Lindsay (class '74) of the same institution, Rev. E. B. Sanford (class '63), of the Golden Rule, and Rev. V. A. Cooper (class '63) of Roxbury, bore their hearty testimony to the grace of their literary mother, and to the good fellowship of her sons. It was right good to be there, and those who had not a good reason for absence have made a serious sacrifice of one of the bright hours of our social life.

The officers appointed for the ensuing year are: for president, Rev. Loramus Crowell, D. D.; secretary, Rev. Charles F. Rice, of Danvers; treasurer, Mr. E. H. Mansfield; executive committee, John C. Rand, A. S. Roe, Rev. D. C. Knowles.



## Miscellaneous.

## NEITHER KID NOR CALF.

LITERARY.

BY REV. J. W. JOHNSTON.

The most thoroughly-abused character in all Scripture, is the elder son in the parable of the Prodigal. Almost every one has a hard word for him. He is denounced on all sides. Good people dislike him; bad people hate him; religious people regard him with suspicion, while the irreligious openly proclaim him both a hypocrite and a knave.

And why all this abuse? What has the elder son been guilty of to merit such condemnation? Let us see. He remained quietly at home; he attended faithfully to his duties; as a son he was careful and obedient; his life was blameless and without reproach; with perfect truthfulness he could say to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment." And yet the world opens its arms to the graceless prodigal, presses its warm kiss upon his sinful brow, calls loudly for the best robe, and before the wanderer has time to express his penitence, shoes are upon his feet, a ring sparkles on his finger, the fatted calf sizzles before a roaring fire, servants rush here and there with strange alacrity, and the house is filled with music and dancing; while the elder brother, who has not gone away nor wasted his substance with riotous living, meets with only repudiation and scorn.

Has he not a right to complain? Does it not look as though there was injustice somewhere? Why should prodigality and disobedience be rewarded with a fatted calf, while obedience and faithfulness not even have a kid? And yet how much of this there is in life! Indeed, as this world goes, the prodigals have the best of it. Faithfulness and devotion are left outside in the cold and darkness, without so much as a kid to rejoice with; while the careless spendthrift from the far country revels in fatted calf, and holds high carnival with his admiring friends.

Two men live on the one street. The one is sober and industrious; the other is idle and dissolute. The one earns bread and raiment for his family; the other keeps his home in beggary and starvation. But the drunkard reforms. He signs the pledge, and at once he is praised and extolled as a hero. His case is made public; he is invited to a platform seat on prominent occasions; he lives in the full glance of general approbation; and instead of feeling bad on account of wasted years and an outraged home, he rather regards himself as entitled to every honor in the gift of the community.

And all this time what of the "elder son"? Who praises him? What thanks has he for years of temperance and industry? Where is his applause? He gets no platform seat. Happy is he if he can obtain even standing room where he may hear the prodigal tell his adventures in the far country! Has he not a right to turn with some reproach, and say to the community, "Lo, these many years have I served thee, and yet what thanks have I? My drunken neighbor has a surfeit of fatted calf, while not even a kid has got the length of my door."

In the temperance movement the "prodigal" business has been considerably overdone. Then look at politics. Seldom does the "elder son" secure any recognition for his services. Years of devotion and faithfulness are quietly ignored. Not even the tiniest of kids rewards his integrity; but the prodigal has only to return from the far country into which he has wandered, and every honor of the party is at his disposal. For him there is the torchlight procession, the crowded hall, the cheering multitude, the nomination, and the big majority. In politics the main duty of the "elder son" is to stand by and applaud, while the "prodigal" swallows huge mouthfuls of fatted calf.

Coming to the church we find the same principle at work. The men who stay by, who bear the burden and heat of the day, the men who head no division, who lead no rebellion, who break away with no party, are frequently set aside from church honors; while the "prodigal," who has gone into the far country of Schism and Discontent, will be welcomed home with glad hosannas, and led, amid acclamations, to the highest seat in the synagogue. Many a man holds office in the church simply as a reward for having deserted it; and platefuls of fatted calf are distributed with generous hand among religious prodigals, while hungry elder brothers are studiously neglected.

Even in the family the same rule applies. Many a faithful "elder son"

receives neither credit nor praise for the service that he is rendering. He may be a staff for his father's hand, a refuge for his mother's heart, the rock on which the entire household is resting, and yet all the while little recognition is given him, no feast of savory kid makes glad his heart. But if the "prodigal" were to put in an appearance, no matter how ragged or dirty, a fatted calf would at once be slaughtered, and a family rejoicing be held.

The fact is, goodness receives but scant encouragement in this world. The smallest kids are strangely scarce. "Well done, good and faithful servant," are words almost unknown. We can blame, but we cannot praise; we can criticize, but we cannot commend; we can censure, but we cannot applaud; we can find fault, but we cannot admire; and many have reason to adopt the language of the "elder son," and feel that fair play and justice have been denied them. Words of commendation are wonderfully few. Even faint praise is seldom heard. And yet Solomon says: "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad;" while Isaiah more touchingly affirms that "I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." But, alas! how few there are who know how to speak such words—at least how few that speak them.

Many a wife toils with unceasing labor and devotion for her family and home, and yet receives no recognition whatever. She prepares little surprises for her husband, but he never seems to recognize them. She does her best to make the home bright and sunny, but not a word of appreciation falls upon her hungry ear. All her attentions are accepted simply as a service, and a service which she is bound to render, till at length she grows sullen and morose. If the husband were appealed to, he would at once say, "Why, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine," and he would mean it doubtless; but had he a right to accept years of faithful service without uttering a word of commendation? A few words now and then spoken with grateful tenderness would be as a window opening into heaven, and the sky of a woman's life would be arched in new hope and beauty.

And what applies to the wife applies also to the husband. Tenderness and appreciation are not to be all on one side. Some men are heroes of the first rank. Could we but see the inner bosom of some workmen, we would find thereon medals and decorations from the hand of God. Many a brave fellow carries the order of the cross, though his face is grimy and he wears a fustian coat. The quiet way in which some men labor for their families, their patience and self-denial, their manliness and devotion, are enough to merit a patent of nobility, and yet these men seldom, if ever, hear a word of praise, but often a complaint because they can earn so little! The average husband gets neither kid nor calf!

And it is the same with children. They are scolded, punished, repressed—seldom praised. The whip, not the kid, is the rule in young life, and yet one kid is worth ten thousand whips. A word of praise, a soft pat on the head, a loving smile, even a look, will make either boy or girl better; but often these are denied, and thus no little kid makes merry the hearts of the children. Poor things, they get neither kid nor calf!

A kind word is never thrown away. In the kitchen it makes music in a woman's heart; in the workshop it inspires the mechanic with new life; in the counting-room it burnishes the ledger with golden light; in the home it causes a transfiguration.

Then why be so chary of our praise? Why need we wait for our friends to die before we speak well of them? Why keep the ewing for the marble ear, and the flowers for the waxen hand? 'Tis not when we are dead that such things are most grateful. Of what use are they then?

"When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need the tenderness for which I long to-night." Thank God! for the hope that we will hear Him say, "Well done," but till then, we want all our friends to remember that kind words are worth much and cost little.

## Correspondence.

FROM MEXICO.

MR. EDITOR: Our beautiful new church at Real del Monte, on the Pachaca district, was successfully dedicated Dec. 2. The services in English were heartily participated in by a large number of English and American miners from all parts of that mineral district. The tea meeting was presided over by Dr. Wm. B. Rule, a faithful and devoted local preacher of our church. Appropriate speeches were made by the chairman and Revs. Barker, Drees and Fucates. The dedicatory sermon in English was preached by Rev. C. W. Drees. The dedicatory sermon in Spanish was preached by Dr. Fuentes. In these services over one hundred dollars were paid in toward liquidating the debt.

Great credit is due Rev. J. M. Barker, missionary in charge, for the consummation of this work. Over two years ago God put it into the heart of His servant to erect a house of worship in this important town. He began in the face of great opposition, and continued under the fire of constant persecution. One day while they were building, a company of soldiers passing deliberately opened fire upon our workmen. The master mason ran to shut the front door, when a ball passed through it and one of the splinters hit the poor fellow on the upper lip. Several bullets penetrated the door, but providentially no one was injured. On more than one occasion the workmen and handful of Christians have been stoned. Lumber and stone dealers have refused to sell them material. The local authorities here withheld necessary protection till forced to do so by the State government. Our people of the congregation here lost their employment because of attending our services. Yet, in the midst of all these difficulties, Brother Barker has encouraged and kept together the faithful few, and to-day rejoices over the successful completion and dedication of a Christian church in one of the highest inhabited points of the world, viz., ten thousand feet above the sea. I suppose that the Methodist church at Nynee Tal, India, is the only one in our connection that stands on a higher point of land.

Some help was granted from the home board toward building, but the greater part of the money was raised by the faithful pastor. All the churches on the circuit contributed something; one congregation alone giving one hundred dollars, and this, too, just after they had built themselves. We mention these facts to let our people at home see how our people here are doing all they can for the extension of the Master's kingdom, and thus showing their appreciation of what has been done for them by Christians of other lands.

Real del Monte Church can be seen for miles around, and is thus like "a light set upon a hill." Pray for these brethren and sisters, who serve God under keen persecution. May He who guided them in the perilous hours of the past, so that "not a hair of their head was hurt," lead them on to glorious victories in the future.

Another matter of great interest in our mission, just now, is the distribution of twelve thousand copies of the New Testament in Spanish—a work which we are permitted to do through the liberality of two Christian merchants living in Boston. The work began about two weeks ago, and is being vigorously pushed from several different points in the Republic. The man who is under our direction visited ten different towns and villages the first week. In only one of these was he molested. Here a mob gathered around him, led him to the edge of the town, and forced him to leave, informing him that "the religion of their fathers" was good enough for them. Still at least one copy of the New Testament is there, and who can say that it may not yet come to be the corner-stone of a Christian church? For this we shall "watch and pray."

JOHN W. BUTLER.

Mexico City, Mexico, Nov. 15.

FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MR. EDITOR: Unable to write personally to the many of my old parishioners who have expressed a desire to hear from me, and having been requested to do so, I concluded to send greetings through the columns of your excellent paper, if you will allow the courtesy. I venture this attempt with more hope that my letter will be read, since my dear friend, Mark Trautman, has ceased to camp so charmingly before the eyes of the readers of the HERALD, and my not less dear friend has succeeded in his heroic work of raising the heavy church debt on the Winthrop St. society. May the first live to camp again, and the other never have another such debt to raise!

It was with many regrets that I said "good-by" to the friends, co-workers and congenial surroundings of New England. It was with some misgiving that I ventured to migrate to the "great Northwest." The assurance, however, that our grand Methodist doctrine, modes and spirit were cosmopolitan, gave me courage to make the venture.

Our journey to this section of our country, called by Bishop Foss the "great wheat garden of the world," was as delightful as it is possible for such experiences to be. We tarried a day or two with the dear people at Trinity, Springfield, Niagara next stayed our flight. And who, having seen this wonder of nature, need to wish for other sights? Chicago next gave us rest; and on the Sabbath we preached in a little outlying M. E. Church where Bro. Atchison, formerly of Medford, is now a prominent member. We saw but little of the great city, but just enough to make us feel that here was the opportunity to stand face to face with sin in every form and battle for the Master.

We arrived at Minneapolis, a city of magnificent promise and possibilities, in time for a little rest before the nerve-

and-grace-trying first Sunday. A delegation of the officials of Century Church met us at St. Paul, and escorted us to our waiting place with Bro. E. T. Sykes, formerly of Waltham, until our personage should be ready. After a cheerful outlay of \$700 by the church, our house was made as comfortable and pleasant as any we ever enjoyed.

As soon as we were fully in our new home, the church opened a splendid reception, at which there were present during the evening two hundred people, and among them eighteen of the clergy, including our highly-esteemed Bishop Foss. Century, the mother church, enrolls four hundred members, and they are a grand people. The church is in hearty sympathy with the pastor, and we are looking for grand times. Last Sunday was our first communion service, one long to be remembered because of the power of grace resting upon the people. In response to the invitation for the ordained elders to assist, eleven responded, and it seemed like a little conference. It is not unusual to find as many ministers in this congregation on any Sabbath.

I need not tell you of this splendid climate, so full of life and so "tonic," as the natives say. Think of a city growing over forty thousand in numbers in two years; and yet they come. The saw mills and flour mills are simply immense. One of Pillsbury's flour mills, a few weeks ago, in one day milled and shipped 5,323 barrels of the best flour. We have here the State University, and Hamline of our own church. In the latter institution Miss Clark, daughter of Dr. Wm. R. Clark of the New England Conference, is preceptress, and Prof. Prentice, son of Dr. Prentice, of the Wesleyan University, has charge of the classical department.

In conclusion, we invite all who want to make a home for life, to heed the injunction of the lamented sage of New York, and "Go West, young man;" for here are the grandest possibilities for capital and enterprise.

F. J. WAGNER.

Dec. 4, 1882.

FROM CANADA.

MR. EDITOR: Your readers will perhaps begin to wonder what has become of your Canada correspondent. From this incarceration they will see that his hand has not forgotten its cunning, though sometimes it refuses to move as rapidly as the writer may desire.

We have had several very interesting incidents lately in our Dominion. There has been the Mormon controversy, of which I think all parties consider we have had enough, and the question may now be allowed to rest. The political daily journals have had a fine time in battling on the subject, seeking to make a little capital for their respective parties.

There has been an animated controversy among the Episcopal Church parties, high church and evangelical, so called. It has caused much talk and not a little hard feeling. The Bishop of Toronto has been laboring hard to effect a union between them so far as Trinity College is concerned, but his lordship has failed. The evangelical party has sustained a great loss in the removal of Rev. W. Rainford from the cathedral in Toronto to New York. His place will be difficult to fill.

It has always been a source of joy to us in Canada that if we have no affluent native like George Seney, esq., we have some who are worthy to be his compeers. Quite recently one of those gentlemen authorized Rev. B. Briggs, of the Methodist Book Publishing House, to print an edition of the "Life of Dr. Duff," the celebrated missionary in India, and present a copy to each of the ministers in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada. The work is a large octavo, consisting of two volumes of nearly five hundred pages each, in good clear type and well bound. The ministers will, we are sure, receive the gift with profound respect for the generous donor, though he conceals his name.

Hardly had the noble deed just mentioned been made known, than another grand act is performed. Dr. Withrow, the esteemed editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, was authorized to offer a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on missions, the writers to be residents in the Dominion of Canada and the island of Newfoundland. A number of ministers joined with Dr. W. are appointed adjudicators, and they will make the award to the successful competitor some time next fall. The time for receiving the essays is June next.

The great event of Methodism is the meeting in Toronto of a united committee of ministers and laymen belonging to four branches of the Methodist body, to see if a basis of union can be reached on which all may unite. The said committee has been in session the greater part of four days, and will not get through their work for another week. There has been an earnest endeavor to reach the desired end for which they were brought together. A most delightful feeling has prevailed, and all believe that the Spirit from on high has been graciously present. Hardly a word has been uttered that might be considered unkind, though there has been some plain speaking. The excellences of all the branches represented have been duly proclaimed, and every one seemed resolved to have as much of his peculiar system engrafted on to the new church government as possible. There were various sub-committees appointed, to which were relegated different topics or branches of the question on which they could formulate something which all could accept. The sub-committees on general superintendency and lay delegation seemed to have the most onerous tasks assigned them, and when they reported, hour after hour was spent in patient investigation, which resulted in motions and amendments and substitutes for both, not ad infinitum, but to a great number. At last the question of lay delegation was settled by a very large majority, who decided that the

laity should meet in the annual Conference in equal numbers with the ministers, except when the question of ministerial character was being considered, and probationers for the ministry were received, and the cases of supernumeraries were being decided.

The general superintendency was a rock on which there was likely to be a split. Some wanted the episcopacy to be maintained entirely, others would modify, while others still would throw it out altogether. It was ultimately decided that the general superintendency should open the annual Conference and preside the first day. A president of Conference should be elected, who, with the general superintendency, is to preside alternately. The general superintendency is to remain in office only eight years. When the vote was taken for this modified episcopacy, only a few hands were held up against it, and when the announcement was made at a late hour in the evening the applause was great, and the oxology was sung with such fervor as is seldom done. It now remains for the quarterly meetings and the annual Conference to give their verdict, and it is confidently hoped that a large majority will vote in favor of the plan now recommended. The result is certainly grand, and will make our beloved Methodism a great power in the Dominion.

I must close, as I will soon have to go to committee. I will refer to the subject again.

ONTARIO.

Toronto, Dec. 1, 1882.

## SELF-SUPPORT IN INDIA.

William Taylor's success in mission work is beyond all praise. He has apostolic zeal, unyielding faith and abundant fruits in most of his enterprises. Just now he is emphasizing the matter of "self-support," and there is much to commend the principle where there is room for its providential application. Among heathen pure and simple self-supporting missions are impossible. Churches in heathen lands may be made self-supporting by reason of the Americans and English (the Scriptural "strangers scattered abroad") who reside in the large cities of those heathen lands. The principle as applied by William Taylor has been successful, thus, particularly in India.

Rev. S. P. Jacobs, who was sent out by William Taylor, writes the following to the *Christian Standard* on the subject. After recapitulating India's needs, our Christian obligations, and some details of success, Mr. Jacobs says:—

"About a half dozen members of South India Conference are now engaged in the native work, and others feel pressed to enter it. Not all, however, are supported by our own church. Parallel with this call upon men to enter the native work, is the wide door of invitation among the natives inquiring for the gracious light of God and reading the gospels with avidity and listening with wonder to the story of the Cross. Hardly a day has passed for a fortnight that a score or more of people have not come upon these premises to examine Christian life and hear Christian doctrine.

"Just here the prospects are met by a difficulty. The initial work among the natives must be supported by Christians. The 50,000 rupees of church debts will not permit our little force within the South India Conference to enter this inviting field of native work at once. Present progress at paying these debts will require from three to five years to free our people from debt, provided new debts are not incurred. A little mislending, of course, is carried on from the base of our English work, but no movement worthy of the Gospel we preach and read in the value of these perishing souls can be made on present plans.

"I am conscious of treading upon disputed ground here. There are those who will sacrifice almost anything to maintain the glory of a self-supporting Conference among the heathens. But for the South India Conference such a pre-eminence is already made impossible by the thousands of dollars sent from home to aid our church work at Bombay, Calcutta, Bangalore and All-ahabad. And the present report of Bro. Ward's Telugu mission credits America with over 125 rupees. Of this, 100 rupees came to him in time of great need.

"That aid from home will smite us with spiritual paralysis, I do not believe. With full support from home, the native work in the North India Conference is rapidly becoming self-supporting. Every appointment but one contributed to the support of the Gospel. Six appointments raised sums from 180 to 3,000 rupees; twenty appointments contributed sums from 41 to 72 rupees; and Lucknow sustained entirely the English and Hindustani churches. Such is the record of the past year.

"Our relation here during this year is peculiar. We are doing work for an independent institution. It is probable that at the close of this year the orphanage will pass into the hands of a committee of Plymouth Brethren, who will take the full financial and spiritual care of the institution. They, for the most part, have been its financial supporters from the beginning. Letters to the brethren in England have been written concerning this end. The blessed work among the orphan and the interest awakened outside have resulted from labors supported by funds from England with but little exception. I refer to this to remove the impression that our work during this year is on the self-supporting plan. The questions are submitted: Shall a general aggressive movement for the salvation of these hungering millions be postponed? Or, shall the immediate occupancy of the field be taken with the aid of Christians at home?

"How this help is to come, I leave for others to answer. At present we are among the 'irregulars'; that is, not under the management of the Missionary Society. We should be on the same footing as a home Conference if we received supplemental aid from the Missionary Society. If we continue in the present relation, help from home must come through unofficial channels if it comes at all."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

It is not good feeling alone that makes a good man, but a good purpose; not merely emotion, but deep and abiding principle. Let a young man start out in life trusting only to his feelings, and he may land at the swine trough; but let a deep and guiding principle furnish the plan on which he builds, and an earnest unflinching purpose animate the builder, and the edifice of character shall rise as truly and steadily as if it grew from the rock on which it is built.—*Christian Register*.

## Our Book Table.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. JEANETTE H. PLATT.

Compiled by Her Husband. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co. 12mo, 363 pp. The volume is illustrated by a portrait—a very attractive face, full of light and sweetness. The book is almost entirely made up of the correspondence of its subject. She was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1816, and died in Delaware, Ohio, in 1877. But few of the incidents of her life, except those embodied in her letters, are given. These are abundant, fresh, very entertaining, marked by her vivacity, and sincere and deep piety. She was a communicant of the Episcopal Church, but eminently catholic in her sentiments, and eager for the Christian fellowship of all true disciples of Jesus Christ. She was ardently loved by her family, and the wide social and religious circles in which she moved. Her letters contain a devout spirit, a warm appreciation of the beauties of nature, and an ardent interest in the Master's work. She had a poetic imagination and temperament. A delightful vein of quiet humor runs through her correspondence, rendering it very entertaining reading, and saving her letters from any appearance of monotony. She was a tender and loving wife, and an affectionate and devoted mother. Her letters to her children are admirable. When her sudden death, for which she was amply prepared, occurred, the warmest tributes from scores of friends bore testimony to the high estimation in which she was held, and the gracious power with which she had impressed herself upon the wide circle of her friendship. Her death was a signal triumph. Her motto, under her beautiful face, is: "I would have all who love me remember that I am absent from the body, present with the Lord." The life will be a permanent aid to our rich literature of Christian biography.

THE HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURE RECORDS.

STATED ANEW, by George Rawlinson, M. A. With the Notes. Translated in the American Edition by Rev. A. N. Arnold. New York: N. Tibbals & Sons. For sale in Boston by D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo, 81.75. This volume contains eight lectures delivered in the Oxford University pulpit, by the Rev. Canon Rawlinson, in 1859. The first American edition was published in that year by Gould & Lincoln. This is a new edition from the same plates. The principles of argument and the abundant illustrations are of permanent value. The author's object is to present the abundant confirmations of the Scripture narrative to be found in the records and monuments of surrounding nations, thus establishing the historical verity of the Sacred Books. The writer's life long studies particularly fitted him for this work, and he has combined his researches, and greatly added to the force of his argument, in his later more elaborate publications. The notes fill out half of the volume, and are not the least valuable portions of it, for they present the authorities and confirmations upon which the statements of the text rest. The new edition of this excellent work, for some time out of print, will be appreciated by all thoughtful Bible students.

SERMONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1883.

by the Sunday School, Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. 8vo. Eighty-four pages. This annual publication by a body of ministers of the forthcoming International Lessons has come to be well known. The Club changes a little annually in personnel, but the same plan is followed and a variety is secured by the introduction of new names. Eleven ministers have contributed two or more sermons each, thus securing a somewhat elaborate exposition and application of each lesson. In this way the leading truths of each Sabbath's study are more distinctly brought out than in the more condensed commentary.

STORIES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIES.

by Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With 26 illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. In an attractive form the stories of the famous old Greek dramas are told so as to interest the young and youthful readers, and to awaken a desire to see them in full in the classic dialect in which they were originally written and acted. The author, who is headmaster of King Edward's School, Bedford, dedicates his entertaining and instructive volume to his six sons.

From the same house we have THE ROR BIRTHDAY BOOK, by Lyman Abbott. This little volume is very nearly published. It has a good portrait of the popular author, whose works are excellent selections have been made for each day in the year. A blank page alternates, with spaces for birth-dates and with the names of a large number of noted persons, with the appropriate days of their birth. The volume is also illustrated with spirited cuts.

The same house publishes, among its stories for youth, GRANDMOTHER ELISE; A Sequel to Elsie's Widowhood, by Martha Finley. 16mo. This is an equally pleasant continuation of a popular author, whose works are excellent selections have been made for each day in the year. A blank page alternates, with spaces for birth-dates and with the names of a large number of noted persons, with the appropriate days of their birth. The volume is also illustrated with spirited cuts.

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COUNT ERBACH: A Story of the Reformation, by James I. Helm, D. D. 16mo. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. The Count was a sincere Catholic. He sought with ill success to quiet his conscience by indulging in the pleasures of the world, but he was bought at a large cost. The volume reveals the corruptions of the Roman Church at this time. The expected son-in-law of the Count became a student of Martin Luther, through the indignation and horror of the Count himself. By a providential incident the Count became impressed, without knowing him, until afterwards, with the devoutness and sincerity of the great Reformer. This changed his whole life. He found peace by faith, and peace and love were also renewed in his household by the marriage of Philip and his daughter Margaret. It is an interesting and profitable tale, true to the facts of history.

Harper & Brothers publish in their juvenile series, in an attractive form, MILDRED'S BARGAIN AND OTHER STORIES, by Lucy C. Lillie. Small quarto, illustrated. Six nice little stories, with illustrations, have been collected in this pretty volume, and will be welcomed by thousands of little readers.

Robert Carter & Brothers issue, as an aid to teachers for the earlier lessons of next year, a new edition of William Anon's delightful expositions of the Book of Acts. It is entitled THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE, and consists of a series of short, illustrated, and very impressive discourses on the leading topics of this interesting book. Sunday-school teachers will find much aid in it, in applying the lessons in Acts.

The Congregational Publishing Society issues THE PRINCIPAL QUESTIONS BOOK, a series of plainly-arranged lessons, with questions for intermediate classes, by Mrs. William Barrows.

## MILITARY LIFE IN ITALY: Sketches by Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With illustrations, 12mo, 82.00.

This charming writer, whose delightful descriptions of Germany and Spain have won him a wide circle of readers, in this volume traces incidents, pathetic, patriotic and amusing, of army life in Italy. It is not intended to give information as to the military resources of the country, or to describe notable campaigns, but to picture the lights and shades of the soldier's life among that vivacious people. It is a lighter book than his previous works, but by no means less entertaining. It is very delicately dedicated to his mother.

From the same house we have FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS, by Rev. Edwin L. Clark. 12mo, 81.50. This is a scholarly and interesting volume, presenting a theory for the reconciliation of Genesis with the latest geological science. It is not entirely a theory, but gives to the term "day," during the creation period, long spaces of time, and makes the sacred canon simply record the order of events. The argument is presented in a very accessible and interesting manner. The volume also discusses questions arising in the records of the patriarchal age, questions of right and wrong, the doctrine of inspiration, the nature of our knowledge of God, and the divine character of our Lord. The volume is ably written, and is an excellent contribution to the apologetic library.

PAGE, SQUIRE AND KNIGHT: A Romance of the Days of Chivalry. Edited by W. H. Davenport Adams, with 113 illustrations. Octavo, 326 pp. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. The volume has been "adapted" with a free hand from the French romance of the time of Henry II and Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The work introduces the reader to the domestic and social, as well as public and military life of the time, and is full of adventure, and will have a special fascination for young readers. It will give correct conceptions of that strange institution out of which Feudalism was born, and of the manners and civilizing influences of the time of chivalry. The volume is elegantly published.

LITTLE SISTER; OR, NAME SISTER.

By Roberts Brothers. This is the first publication of this popular series of fictions. It is a very quiet, unassuming story, prettily told. The principal character is a young girl, a sweet-hearted, self-sacrificing, intelligent, and eminently useful "little sister" to everybody that knew her. The book has no unpleasant flavor, and leaves everybody happy at its close.

The very entertaining and instructive papers of Mr. E. C. Gardner, published in *Our Continent*, have been tastefully republished in a new and attractive form. The papers are very brightly written, and are as full of sense as of humor. The whole matter of building a home for comfort, as well as for beauty, is a subject of great interest, and is illustrated by abundant cuts. The book should be circulated as an educational tract, and will have a powerful influence in giving variety, and beauty, and convenience to our village and city homes.

From the same house we have THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR, by Helen Campbell. 16mo. This is a new and interesting volume, embodying sketches of scenes and services in the wretchedst portions of poverty and vice in New York. It shows very vividly the field for Christian charity, and is a volume of great interest and abundant opportunities for all volunteer laborers. It is a very useful volume, and will stir the truly Christian heart to its depths, and awaken an earnest desire to do good, and to do it well, but blessed home missionary work.

A COMPEND OF BAPTISM, by William Hamilton, D. D., New York: Funk & Wagnalls. This seems to be a very thorough discussion of the classic, Judaic and Christian significance of baptism. The whole discussion is conducted in the use of English terms, so as to render the volume equally readable of apprehension to those not familiar with Greek or Hebrew. The argument is exhaustive and eminently satisfactory, covering all the points of controversy. The volume has met the pronounced favor of leading Christian scholars and pastors of various Pedobaptist denominations.

From Dodd, Mead & Co. we have GRANDMOTHER ELISE: A Sequel to Elsie's Widowhood, by Martha Finley. 16mo. This is a pleasantly told and touching story of domestic and social life, of comfort and affliction, and of the warm support which faith secures. It is an eminently religious and wholesome volume.

From the same publishers and author we have MILDRED'S BIRTHDAY BOOK; A Sequel to Mildred and Elsie. The other title of the writer, Martha Farquhar, connects her name with a number of very entertaining and useful books for young readers. This volume precedes the former in order of time. It sets forth, happily, successful modes of making home pleasant and instructive to the children, and how, in a series of young hearts, the duties of piety may be effectively inculcated. It is an excellent addition to the Sunday-school library.

The National Temperance Society issues No. 7 of its neat paper-covered temperance stories, under the raising title of "Fishes of the Bible." The new name of a "Jolly Time" in the end, however, "it bit like a serpent, and stung like an adder."

JANET: A Poor Heiress, by Sophie May. 16mo. Cloth, illustrated, 81.50. There is, perhaps, no writer for girlhood in this country that understands the young heart so well as Sophie May. Her latest book, entitled "Janet," which Lee & Shepard have just published, is a story cast in the mould of her preceding volumes, but with this difference, that the leading character is an orphan, and a young heart, the duties of piety may be effectively inculcated. It is an excellent addition to the Sunday-school library.

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Robert Carter & Brothers issue, as an aid to teachers for the earlier lessons of next year, a new edition of William Anon's delightful expositions of the Book of Acts. It is entitled THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE, and consists of a series of short, illustrated, and very impressive discourses on the leading topics of this interesting book. Sunday-school teachers will find much aid in it, in applying the lessons in Acts.

## I. Preliminary.

Beginning of St. Mark's the past quarter to the end of chapters (the An additional taken from including the

## II. Lesson.

1. The principle (14: 1-11); "







## CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	PAGE
Yule-Tide (poem).—The Heresies of German Orthodoxy.—What If They Had Not Told of It?—The Assistant Rector.—Editorial.	405
Neither Kid nor Cat. CORRESPONDENCE. Self-sufficiency in India. OUR BOOK TABLE.	406
The Sunday-school.	
Advertisements. COMMERCIAL.	407
Editorial.	
The Lull in Politics.—Boston Wesleyan Association. EDITORIAL ITEMS. BRIEF MENTION.	408
The Churches.	
CHURCH REGISTER. Business Notices.—Money Letters Received.—Marriages.—Advertisements.	409
The Family.	
Christmas (poem).—The Conservatory Plan of Instruction Compared with Private Lessons.—How Christmas Came to Wood's Hollow. THE LITTLE FOLKS. Selected Poems.—A Little Santa Claus. FOR YOUNG AND OLD. RELIGIOUS ITEMS. Appeal for the Freedmen.	410
Obituaries.	
W. F. M. Society.—The Liquor Economies of Boston.—Advertisements.	411
The Week.	
Reading Notices, etc.—Advertisements.	412

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

## ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20, 1882.

How sublime are the facts associated with Christmas! Christ's nativity! O mystery of mysteries, when the Virgin Mary "bore the Infinite;" when the "Tree of Life" came into being,—

"The Divine Tree,  
Of which we eat and live.  
Not like Adam said we die,  
For Christ is born  
To raise the fallen image,  
And transform it by partaking it."  
Yes, Christ is born. Let the earth rejoice and sing.  
"Thy birth, O Christ our God,  
Has caused to rise on the world the light of knowledge!  
O Daypring from on high! O Lord, glory to Thee!"

The shepherds, after seeing the newborn Christ, returned to the care of their flocks, "glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen." Ought not the Christian in like manner to spend Christmas as a season, not of idle merriment, but of spiritual gladness and singing? True, he may not have ocar demonstration, as did those shepherds, of his Lord's personal existence; but are not the effects wrought in his heart and life, through his faith in Him who was born in Bethlehem, unanswerable evidences that the Child of the Virgin is now the risen, living Christ? Could faith in a dead or non-existent being regenerate the heart and purify the life? Nay! nay! Christ lives! Therefore, let the Christian sing joyful songs of praise at this season so long consecrated by the church to the remembrance of his Lord's wonderful advent. Let him do more than sing. As the shepherds returned to the care of their flocks, so let him resume the shepherding of his own thoughts in the spirit of quiet old Herbert, when he says:—

"My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds  
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.  
The pasture is Thy word; the streams, Thy grace,  
Enriching all the place."

There are people who think it no harm to enter into the gates of vice provided one's object is not to practice, but only to acquire knowledge of, sin. Surely, not but fools will practice this insane theory, since they who do so are like idiots who thrust a hand into fire to ascertain if the flame will hurt. The truth on this question was finely expressed by the wise mother of "holy George Herbert," when she said, "Ignorance of vice is the best preservation of virtue; and every knowledge of wickedness is as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and keep it burning."

It has been well said that "Every good work hath faith for the root; but every faith hath not good works for the fruit thereof." But why must a good work have faith for its root? Clearly, because without faith it is impossible to please God, and because where there is no true faith there is no conscious self-surrender to the divine will. But when one submits to God by faith, his will is necessarily brought into harmony with God's will, and then his actions will naturally be conformed to the divine commands. Yet since there may be false faiths, there will be works proceeding from them which will be lacking in that spirit of submission to God which is the essence of all genuine faith, and of genuine faith only.

The law of the Master's kingdom with respect to prayer is, "Every one that asketh receiveth." The manner in which He answered supplicants who came to Him in the days of His earthly ministry, should be taken as the analogue of His method of answering prayer now that He sitteth on His throne. What was that manner? Did not His responses promptly, quickly follow the requests of the needy? When the leper said, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," our willing Lord instantly answered, "I will; be thou clean," and the man's leprosy was healed. It was always thus except when unbelief hindered the flow of His abounding goodness and power. His nature being unchanged, He must deal with us as He did with the men who saw Him in the flesh. Hence, when spiritual blessings do not come at once

to those who seek them, it must be because of unbelief, or some other unsundered sin in the heart of the seeker. To every self-surrendered, believing soul Jesus gives His grace instantly, without requiring long-continued entreaty. In fact, His willingness precedes our prayers. Our very desires are His inspirations, and to every doubting one He says,—

"Oh, dull of heart! Enclosed doth lie  
In each 'Come, Lord,' a 'Here am I!'  
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,  
But outflow of a love divine;  
Thy very prayer to thee was given,  
Itself a messenger from heaven!"

Why, then, dost thou doubt thy Lord's willingness to give thee the richest gifts in the treasures of infinite grace, O thou of little faith? Ask not amiss, or in unbelief, but in faith, and as surely as Jesus lives thou shalt receive. Hath not He who cannot lie said, "Seek and ye shall find?"

The ancient fathers used very great plainness of speech in reproving the sins of their followers. Here is an example of Saint Augustine's method. After showing that a man is apt to restrain the wickedness of his speech, "if he have a witness of his conversation," he adds, "And he is a great deceiver of God who sends a boy away when he is going to commit a crime, and yet will dare to do it, though he knows God is present and cannot be sent off; as if the eye of a little boy were more awful than the all-seeing eye of God. God is to be feared in public. He is to be feared in private; if you go forth He spies you; if you go in He sees you; when you light the candle He observes you; when you put it out, then also God marks you. Be sure that, while you are in His sight, you behave yourself as becomes so holy a presence." To this, with still a sharper point, the more modern but equally plain Jeremy Taylor adds: "But if you will sin, retire yourself wisely, and go where God cannot see; for nowhere else can you be safe." All this is very pointed because it is a very realistic putting of the great restraining truth contained in a phrase which no man ought ever to forget—"Thou God seest me!" To a truly good man this fact of the divine Omnipresence is an assurance of safety; to a wicked man it is an awful thing, since it makes it certain that God is the witness of all his numberless transgressions.

### THE LULL IN POLITICS.

Parties are very much mixed today. There may be a very marked difference in their personnel, taken as a whole. Their history has been widely different for the last quarter of a century, and their relation to certain national policies may be quite diverse; but on subjects of general legislation, so far as professions and platforms are concerned, they differ but little from each other. It is rarely that votes in these days in Congress are determined purely on political lines. The parties break up on questions of policy, and sectional interests are liable to conquer. Whether sincere or not, both parties take pronounced ground on the question of civil service, as to lessening the internal revenue and the reduction of the tariff, on the burning question of internal improvements, the national aid to education, the condition of the Indian tribes, and the improvement of the army and navy. All these important legislative matters are, in a measure, outside the limitations of party, and will be considered either on their merits, or upon their relation to the different constituencies represented in Congress.

For this reason the present is the most favorable hour to consider great national and moral questions. Several of the subjects mentioned above transcend all party policies, and should now be pressed upon the attention of Congress by the people at home, through all practicable avenues of influence. The purification of our civil service by disconnecting it, as far as possible, from the patronage of office, and especially the matter of the terrible illiteracy of portions of the country, and more effective agencies for the civilization of the Indian tribes within our borders—these questions must be kept prominent before the people, and be constantly urged by the press and by petition upon their law-making representatives.

But there is one other question that transcends all these, and that is the removal of the unendurable burdens of intemperance. Every year since the close of the war temperance men have been urged to be patient, and not to peril the prospects of a party which had in hand the vital questions of the preservation of the Union, its restoration to harmony, and the securing of the rights of four millions of freshly-made citizens. Politicians have been all the more sensitive as the administration party has gradually lost its great majorities. Everything must be sacrificed to preserve its integrity. This course has given wisdom very much the same legal power that cotton once had. This wealthy syndicate, composed of sellers of distilled and fermented liquors, has never broken ranks. It always remains firmly united for the accomplishment of its selfish and fearful purposes, whatever may be the course of party policy. It carries its un-

broken front to the aid of any policy that will simply promise immunity in its destructive work. The great temperance body has been sadly demoralized by this course of events, and it has been found quite difficult to secure unanimity of effort upon any given line of practical policy.

Now, in this "lull of politics," is the hour for more pronounced effort to secure harmony of purpose and endeavor. The temporary triumph of parties, aided by freely-distributed funds from liquor leagues, has aroused the attention of thoughtful persons who have been indulging the hope that, with the growth of intelligence and the spread of information upon this subject, the evil would be gradually abated. They have been beguiled by the public meetings which have been held, the prominence of the speakers, the convincing character of the argument, the appalling measure of the statistics exhibited, the zeal of the women in their crusade, to believe that the temperance sentiment was growing, and the hour ripening for pronounced and successful action. The liquor men have been alarmed. The whiskey sales have been decreased somewhat, but rather by the increase of the beer and wine traffic, we fear, than by the temperance movement, except in limited districts. The business of poisoning and impoverishing the people is still going on, and enables its supporters to pay a high price for the purchase of influence and votes. Some more pronounced and general endeavors must be put forth. The press must open its columns afresh, not simply to occasional articles, but must keep a constant and intelligent iteration, as it does when the well-being of a party is at stake. Such startling papers as that of Dr. Worcester, published in the *Boston Daily Journal*, which we copy on another page, should be often presented to tax-payers, to social reformers, and to the friends of humanity. The pulpit must lead, as she has ever done in every moral conflict. There is something instructive and even impressive in the present attitude of the English pulpit on this question. They are now in the midst of the fight. They have not quite reached the advanced ground which the friends of this reform hold in this country. But English prelates and leading clergymen of the Established Church are conspicuous by their open and bold advocacy of what seems to them, at this hour, the one practicable point to gain. The President of the Wesleyan Conference owes his triumphant election largely to his efficient, constant, and successful efforts in the front ranks of the temperance reforms of the day.

The social element has been well developed. The interest in our State has been kept alive by the various secret societies and temperance bands, but something broader and more calculated to touch the public mind is requisite. The "no license" league is a fresh and very important movement. The constitutional amendment places the axe at the root of the tree. Prohibition by legislation is the lowest result at which we can now aim in our State. Unfortunately the color of the present Legislature is not assuring; but this does not forbid the rolling up of another such petition as was once borne by two, like the grapes of Eschol, into our House of Representatives. These men are sensitive as to their flanks. Largely signed petitions from every city and town in the State would not be disregarded. Men are not willing to oppose their constituencies. We must help men to have the courage of their convictions. One of the editors of a leading Boston daily, which dares not, in its editorial columns, to speak out very positively upon this question, said, the other day, that, personally, he should vote, if he had opportunity, for a constitutional amendment. If in any way the real sentiment of the community can be obtained on this question, there would be volume enough to it to force out into open confession these doubting Thomases and half-hearted disciples of the truth. Let us not fail wisely and vigorously to avail ourselves of this "lull in politics."

### Brief Mention.

Whoever fails to read the first article on the second page will lose a fresh, original, and eminently practical, short sermon.  
Miss Emily Faithfull, the English lady philanthropist, gave a very sensible and practical lecture in Tremont Temple, Thursday evening, Nov. 16, on "Woman's Occupations."  
In Dr. Worcester's valuable and suggestive article on page 7, the diagram and table were unaccountably interchanged in making up. Our readers will easily find their way out of confusion by making this necessary correction.  
The Depository under our office never put on a more inviting appearance. We are pleased to see that its counters are crowded by its patrons. There is no difficulty in finding beautiful and useful holiday presents at Mr. Magee's, if one only has the money.  
The instructive professional address upon "The Balaams," by Dr. Henry M. Field, of Newton, professor in Dartmouth Medical School, delivered before the New Hampshire Medical Society, has been printed. It will be read with interest by the profession, and with little less by laymen in medicine.  
By far the choicest, prettiest church fair paper which has yet reached us is the *Holly Bush*, with its handsomely-illustrated title-page and interesting table of contents. It is published by the People's Church, and must have cost the pastor a great deal of care and study. Send ten cents to Rev. J. W. Hamilton for a copy.  
It was announced in our church news last week that "Rev. Mr. Alvord, a converted Catholic priest," addressed the Prayers Meeting. The name should have read (Rev. Dr. A. Lord.) The reverend gentleman occupied the pulpit of Grace Church last Sunday afternoon, and will speak in the same house next Sunday morning.  
Boston followed the downward tendency of the hour, not simply electing a partisan Democratic ticket, but voting "license" by a large majority. It will doubtless be a year of frolic selling and abundant drinking, with little restraint on the part of the guardians of the law. It is the hour of the temporary triumph of the drink demon. May his reign be short!

The fall term of the Ohio Wesleyan University closes Dec. 20. The term has been one of the greatest successes. Six hundred and sixty-four students have been in attendance, which is one hundred and thirty-eight more than have been present in any previous term. Excellent work has been done in all departments of the University. The next term commences Jan. 3, when new students can enter and find classes adapted to their wants.

### The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Association occurred last Wednesday evening, the 13th. With the close of the present year, the paper, which it publishes, reaches the first limit of human life, attaining then its threescore years; but the works and institutions of good men long survive the hands that build them, and continue their benedictions upon the earth while their authors are resting from their labors. But one of the original members of the Association still survives, and he is its president for the ensuing year—Hon. Jacob Sleeper. The record of Zion's Herald is the history of Methodism in New England. It has been her advocate and apology, one of her most effective evangelical and conservative instruments, and an active element in the moral and religious progress of the field of its patronage. Although scores of other papers have sprung into being in later days, the Herald holds its position with unabated strength, and preserves the freshness and vigor of its younger days. The first religious sheet that Method-

ist children see in their homes, it comes to be like a member of the family, whose absence from the house, especially on the Sabbath, is like a vacancy caused by the departure of an intimate friend.

The meeting last Wednesday brought together nearly the whole Board, with the delegates from the six New England Conferences. One member's absence was specially noticed—that of Edwin Ray, esq., who has never failed of being present before this, since his election. He lies very low from pulmonary disease at his home in West Newton, but is graciously sustained and comforted by the consolations of the Gospel, which, as a lay preacher, he has, during a portion of his life, been permitted successively to herald to others. Resolutions of affectionate esteem and sympathy in his behalf were passed at the meeting, to be forwarded to him. The new member lately elected, Mr. James F. Almy of Salem, met with the Board for the first time. He is the leading dry goods merchant of that city, a vigorous and successful business man, a member last year of the Legislature, and a loyal and devoted officer of Lafayette St. M. E. Church. Hon. Alden Speare, president during the past year, called the meeting promptly to order, and directed with much grace throughout the evening the business of the hour. After prayer by Rev. A. L. Cooper, the records for the year past were read, and the reports of the treasurer, agent and editor of Zion's Herald were made. The reports showed a very favorable condition of every department. Ten thousand dollars have been paid during the year upon the fine building of the Association, and the remaining mortgage has been placed at four percent interest. With a favoring Providence, the time cannot be far distant when the patronizing Conferences of the paper will have a large annual fund for its distribution among its charities. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President—JACOB SLEEPER.  
Vice-President—EDWIN M. FOWLE.  
Secretary—JOHN G. CARY.  
Treasurer—JAMES P. MAJOR.  
Auditor—EDWARD H. DUNN.  
Directors—ALDEN SPEARE, CHAS. WOODBURY, LIVERNA HULL, PLINY NICKERSON.  
The Wesleyan fair table called the company into Wesleyan Hall for refreshment of body and soul. After the ample discussion of the material provision, President Speare called in succession upon Dr. S. C. Brown, representative of the New England Southern Conference, upon Rev. Thomas Deacon of New Hampshire, Rev. W. W. Marsh of East Maine, Rev. Reuben Tyrie of Maine, Rev. A. L. Cooper of Vermont, and Rev. Frederick Woods of the New England. These brethren spoke at length and with great interest, referring to the appreciation of the paper in their districts, and to the criticisms, all kindly, that had been made upon its terms and conduct. Responses were given by the President and Bros. Franklin Rand and Hull. Altogether it was a delightful occasion.

### The Associated Charities.

The Associated Charities has important information concerning Charles Frederick Crofts, an English boy born in London in 1867, and now in this country. His foot was injured recently in the Woodruff House, Chicago, and that and his desire to return to England are the basis of his appeals for help. All persons applied to by him are requested to inquire at Room 411, Charity Building, before granting aid.

Hon. Edgar J. Sherman, Attorney General of the State, has selected Harvey N. Shepard, esq., as an assistant. Mr. Shepard is a resident of East Boston, and a member of the Saratoga St. M. E. Church. He has been heretofore honored by his fellow-citizens with an election to the City Council, of which he became president, and to the Legislature. He is a rising young lawyer, of marked ability and promise.

A list of Scripture Portions for 1883 (arranged in brief daily readings), prepared by the Children's Special Service Mission of London, and used by 100,000 children in many lands, suitable for home worship or the private reading of old or young, may be obtained by applying, with stamp, to their American secretary, Rev. W. F. Crafts, 184 Avenue St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Industrial Aid Society of Boston makes its 47th annual report. Its great object is to break up pauperism by finding industrial employment for those who are out of work and in needy circumstances. It had 5,651 applications last year, and provided places for 1,928 males and 765 women and girls. The society is doing a good work and merits the support of the community. Edward Winslow is general agent, at the Bureau of Charity, Chardon St.

The reporters' symposium, published in the *Boston Herald* of Dec. 18, giving the opinion of experts and others as to the expediency of the present union under one State Board of the bureaus of Health, Lunacy and Charity, has been published in a separate pamphlet. The weight of the testimony is against the plan, and the article is republished by the National Association for the Protection of the Insane as a plea for the re-establishment of a separate Board of Charity and the creation of a Lunacy Commission. The plea is certainly a powerful one.

A pleasant social incident occurred last Thursday evening at the Tremont Street M. E. Church. The church was filled by the attendance upon the marriage of Mr. Rufus Arlington Planders to Miss Helen Burgess. A fine reception occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Burgess after the marriage. Rich and elegant presents were abundant evidence of the breadth of the friendly circle in which the young couple had moved. Dr. Studley, the former pastor of the church, came from Buffalo to perform the ceremony. We heartily wish our young friends a long, useful and blessed union with each other!

The *Christian Advocate* pronounces a very faithful and pointed funeral discourse over the death of the immortal, immodest, and notorious D. M. Bennett, who was sent to prison for forwarding corrupt literature through the United States mails, and in whose behalf a large body of freethinkers petitioned the President for pardon. His case is now transferred to the highest court in the universe, and we may rest assured that the Judge of all men will do right.

and the number of discourses and essays whose insertion has been promised, we would publish it in full.

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A committee of three presiding elders—Revs. H. D. Robinson, G. A. Hubbard and W. T. Hill—of Connecticut, have, at the request of several ministers and members, called a Methodist State Convention, to meet in the city of Hartford on the 22d and 23d of January, 1883, to consider the temperance and Sabbath questions, and other subjects of moral and denominational interest. It promises to be both a very important and interesting gathering. The ministers should early set the matter before their people, and make ample arrangements for large delegations.

The United States Senate was struggling last week with the Civil Service reform, without making much progress. Mr. Brewster, of Georgia, heartily opposed it, while Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, with equal heartiness, advocated it. In the House the question of mail and cheap postage were incidentally discussed without any marked results. The Ways and Means committee are laboring over the new tariff, and the mails are crowded with letters and Washington with representatives from the various forms of business affected by proposed changes in the existing tariff. There is little probability of any very radical results.

The Centenary M. E. Church, Chicago (Dr. A. C. George, pastor), has just been thoroughly repaired and refurbished. It was reopened two Sabbaths since, with an able sermon by the pastor. In the evening an interesting missionary meeting was held, which is to be repeated once a month. The subject of the first was "Germany." The call for evangelical work and its promise were eloquently set forth by Rev. A. W. Patten of Evanston. On the same day, in the afternoon, the church caught fire through a defective flue, and but for a timely discovery, the fine organ and the interior, at least, of the church would have been destroyed. Only slight damage, however, was done.

Rev. Joseph Cook will resume his Monday lectures in Tremont Temple on January 8. This series will be the seventh, and will consist of twelve lectures. They will be under the charge of the same committee of men of different denominations as heretofore, to whom Mr. Cook has announced that he will be discussing in the prelude of the most strategic topics in the political and religious world, and the lecturer will make use of recent studies of foreign lands, especially of the Orient, on which, just now, so many books of travel are being published. New departures in and from orthodoxy will be noticed both from the Boston and Andover point of view.

The first number of the new semi-monthly paper, which is to take the place of the *Advocate of Bible Holiness*, is out. It has the additional title of the *Christian Witness*. It is a very handsomely printed and arranged quarto sheet, and has, altogether, an attractive appearance. It is purely a devotional paper, not denominational, not a newspaper, nor an organ of any church interests, but a sheet devoted entirely to practical religion in its highest development. It is published at a dollar a year by McDonald & Gill, in Wesleyan Building. It is sharp in its strictures, and its trend (so it seems to us) is toward an ascetic form of piety; but it may be just such a "counter-irritant" as is required by the circumstances of the hour. It will certainly be a stimulant to holy living, a rebuke of worldliness, and a guide in the path of life. We only wish for its success it will seek to merit.

The *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, Maccon, Ga., records, in hearty terms, the inauguration of a very significant and encouraging movement in that State under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Rev. Dr. Calloway, one of the ablest and most popular of the faculty of Emory Col-

lege (President Haygood's institution), a fine scholar, a graduate of the University of Georgia, connected with its most ardent circles, one of the ablest of preachers, a Confederate colonel in the late war, has voluntarily resigned his position at Oxford because he thinks he ought to do so, and that the voice of duty calls him to take the presidency of Paine College, Augusta—an institution for colored students, established at the late General Conference of the Church South. The Conference was quite enthusiastic in its endorsement of the movement, and pledged Dr. Calloway its hearty support. Dr. Haygood, who greatly regrets the loss of his accomplished professor, heartily sympathizes with his spirit of self-consecration to the work, and looks with great satisfaction upon the new enterprise. So the moral world moves!

Geo. H. Ellis, of Boston, publishes, in a neat pamphlet, a sermon of Rev. C. A. Staples, delivered in the Unitarian Church of Lexington, Mass., upon the authority of the Bible. The preacher regards the Bible "as a record of human thought and experience, man's distant ages and countries. It contains good and bad, and good men believed regarding the will and character of God, and the duty and destiny of man. Each book is to be judged by its purpose and spirit, and to have the authority which belongs to the truth it contains." All this may be said of any book that has ever been written. No passage in the Bible, in the preacher's estimation, can prove the truth of a doctrine, such as that of the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent—a doctrine which he asserts to be repugnant to the holiest feelings of our nature. Nothing, he says, can prove it. It would make God a savage, relentless tyrant. All of which shows that to be true which Mr. Ellis intimates, that if we give up orthodoxy we must have a new Bible; if we retain the sanctity and inspiration of the Bible, we cannot be Liberals of the modern school. The Bible, as it has been, is still the battle-field.

We cheerfully publish this appeal of the faithful and able city missionary of our Congregational brethren, in behalf of a beautiful and Christian charity:—  
"The Christmas Letter Mission" was begun in Brighton, England, in 1871. Its object is to distribute, at Christmas, through various institutions, printed letters, which are issued in large variety, enclosed with a Christmas card, in envelopes bearing the words, "A Christmas letter for you." In hospitals they are usually placed on the pillow of each patient the night before Christmas; in other institutions they are laid near the patients at breakfast on Christmas morning. The City Missionary Society of Boston has had a "Christmas card and letter" campaign, and it is proposed to add these "Letters," and it hopes to be able to send them this season to at least five thousand persons in hospitals, homes, and other institutions in the city. Subscriptions to accomplish this are solicited. One dollar will carry cheer on Christmas to twenty-five or thirty; \$5 to one hundred; or one hundred and one twenty-five sick ones in hospitals, or as many aged people or little children in homes. Those who desire to help this interesting work, can send their contributions to—  
Rev. D. W. WALDRON,  
19 Congregational House, cor. Somerset and Beacon Sts., Boston.

The improving taste of the hour chooses, for holiday presents, gifts of permanent and substantial value. The publishers seem in these days to offer the largest opportunities for the best selections. Every year, of late, the counters of the bookstores are covered with the rarest illustrations of the typographic and pictorial art. It is becoming more and more the excellent habit to choose for these presents the best editions of standard works. We have called attention to our leading publishers. No finer set of works, or more valuable present to an intelligent young friend, can be found than a set of Hudson's *Harvard Shakespeare*, published by Ginn, Heath & Co. It is issued in two forms—in a twenty-volume and a ten-volume edition. Both are very neatly bound, printed on fine paper, in beautiful, clear type. This edition embodies the best Shakespearean scholarship of the day. Its editor, Mr. Hudson, has made the interpretation of the great dramatist his life-work. His reputation as an accomplished student of Shakespeare is not limited to his own country. He has been quoted as an authority by British critics. Prof. Dowden, of Dublin, says: "Hudson's edition takes its place beside the best guides that we have in English speech." This fine edition, the consummation of the labors of more than thirty years, has the purest text and the most critical and satisfactory annotations. It will remain both a permanent monument to the persevering and intelligent labor of the author, and the most valuable edition of Shakespeare. Its size (duodecimo) and clear type render it one of the pleasantest editions for the reader, while its beautiful execution fills all the requisitions of a severe taste. It is sold in a box, twenty volumes, for \$25.

Our English religious exchanges record, with some surprise and much gratification, the extraordinary interest produced by the services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the university towns of Cambridge and Oxford, England. Great crowds of the young men attended, and very remarkable results followed. The interest in Cambridge was less amazing, as the evangelical wing of the church has found the most sympathy here, and a liberal spirit has been exhibited towards Nonconformists; but in Oxford, the seat of High Churchism, the home and center of influence of the late Dr. Pusey and Tractarianism, it could hardly be thought possible that any strong impression would be made. But the result has been marvelous. The first meeting was in a hall, capable of holding four hundred, and it was somewhat disturbed; but the later meetings were held in the Corn Exchange, and were attended by at least twelve hundred members of the University. Some of the disturbers of the previous meeting were the first to yield to the divine power manifested in the services. Many who came to scoff remained to pray. Large numbers, some of these sons of well-known public men and prominent members of the University, were among those who openly took a stand for Christ, and the interest of the meetings increased from first to last. Mr. Moody's sincerity, simplicity and genuine Christian manliness impressed them all. He affected no academic style; his English was open to criticism; but his intense convictions and downright honesty, which he carried every heart and subdued all unfriendly criticism. How easily one breath of the Spirit sweeps away formalism, agnosticism, materialism and worldliness!

We have rarely witnessed so impressive a scene as was presented in the "Green Room" of the State House last Friday morning. A hearing upon the petition for the pardon of Hon. Lucius W. Pond was given. There were some three hundred persons present, a large proportion from his own city of Worcester; but every part of the State, all the professions, and the chief forms of business, were represented on the occasion. A remarkable petition, both as to numbers and weight of character, embracing also a large portion of his creditors and sufferers by his crime, had been already presented. Now the gentlemen came themselves, at their own expense, to give weight to their prayer. Hon. George S. Barton conducted the hearing on the part of the petitioners, and called upon

different gentlemen to speak. A parallel scene was never before witnessed in the State. The mayor of Mr. Pond's city, an ex-petitioner for the exercise of executive clemency, two Catholic clergymen of Worcester, a well-known Unitarian clergyman and legislator, gentlemen from other towns, lawyers and men of business, the venerable Judge Bacon, the oldest lawyer at the bar, present, in different forms, the grounds of the prayer for his discharge. The address of Judge Bacon was quite unanswerable in its argument, showing that the law had been fully vindicated, that justice had been satisfied, and that the subject of their prayer was every way deserving of the pardon for which they prayed. A member of the council privately remarked that it was the most powerful and effective appeal for pardon that he had ever heard. When the call was made by Gov. Long for any objection to the pardon, there was no response in the large company.

Rev. Mosely Dwight fell "asleep in Jesus" last Sunday evening. He has been sick and a great sufferer for many months, but in all his conscious hours he has enjoyed a wonderful triumph of grace over failing and dying nature. He was one of the best known and beloved of the preachers of the New England Conference—a faithful and holy man, "known and read of all men." He was born in Somers, Conn., in 1804; received his first station in Hebron and Had-dam, Conn., in 1831, and has filled important charges in all parts of the Conference, often enjoying great revivals, and always building up the church. He took a superannuation in 1869, but has continued in every way, as preacher, as Bible agent, by the circulation of religious papers, and by personal visitation, to work diligently in the Master's vineyard. He enjoyed a remarkably long and uninterrupted Christian experience. He received a positive and powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost many years ago, and never lost the power or sweetness of it. No one doubted the sincerity or depth of his profession of holy love. He lived in accord with his vocation. He was never unemployed, never triflingly employed. He was not morose, nor denunciatory of those who had not reached his high point of spiritual vision. Life was always serious and sublime with him, and he could find no time "for mirth or trifling here." His record is on high, but the influence of his pure and useful life will not soon die out of the circles in which he moved. A truly good man has gone to his rest. A full biographical sketch will appear hereafter.

### The Churches.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

##### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

*Boston Preachers' Meeting.*—Rev. E. Horr, Jr., addressed the meeting upon the advisability of removing time limits from the itinerant rule. It was a strong argument. The meeting adjourned for two weeks.

*Personal.*—Many of our pastors are very laborious men. Besides the regular duties of their office, some have exerted a most wholesome influence in behalf of temperance and other good works in their respective communities. The public influence of several of our best pastors is a matter of rejoicing, and is fully up to that of any of their fellow-citizens. Noticeably among them are Rev. J. H. Twombly of Fitchburg, Rev. W. P. Ray of Gardner, and Rev. I. H. Packard of Waltham. Close upon them in the esteem of their communities are Revs. C. E. Davis of Natick, W. B. Toulmin of Leominster, and W. J. Pomfret of Marlboro.  
*Boston, Winthrop Church.*—The "long roll" call last Sunday was very successful. The roll measured about twelve feet. Three hundred and sixty-eight names were called, 302 of whom responded. Total amount paid to date, \$18,028. Will those who have not responded please do so at once, as the plan fails unless all respond before Dec. 30.  
*People's Church.*—The net proceeds of the fair were about \$1,800. None could be more grateful than the pastor to his many generous friends.  
*Boston University.*—Rev. S. F. Jones, of Malden, delivered an able lecture on "Spiritual Realizations" before the Theological School. It commanded the full attention of all, and a vote of thanks was tendered him.  
*South Boston, Broadway.*—The *People's Paper* still makes its weekly visits. The issue for Dec. 7 contains much about the fair, Dec. 12-19, for which elaborate preparation is made.  
*Melford.*—The net proceeds of the fair, Dec. 6 and 7, were \$450, to be devoted to the reduction of the church debt. No objectionable features were admitted. The pastor and wife were generously remembered with a handsome china tea set, and are grateful.  
*West Melford.*—Rev. G. W. Smiley has the esteem of his people, and is achieving good results for the cause.  
*Cliftonville.*—Mrs. Dr. Butler has awakened quite an interest in woman's work by her recent address on India. Thirty ladies have organized an auxiliary. They had a tea party at the parsonage the next Monday. The children have also organized a mission band, and pledged one cent a week. Dec. 3, four were received from probation, one on probation, and one by letter.  
*Lynn, First Church.*—Revival services are being held with great interest and good results. Many are asking prayers nightly. A girls' sewing school has been organized, with 27 members, which meets in the vestry every Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. All the churches unite for special revival services, taking turns in the different churches.  
*Marblehead.*—The *Marblehead Reformer* has



Winchendon. — The efforts of Rev. C. A. Merrill to reduce the debt from \$8,850 to \$5,500 have been nearly completed. Success is sure.

Heath. — Extra meetings have been held by Miss Mary C. Woodbury, daughter of Rev. J. J. Woodbury, assisted the first week by Rev. C. G. Buck. Souls have been converted, others sanctified, and a deepening religious interest prevails.

Springfield, Grace Church. — A very successful course of lectures, in quality and finances, has just closed. Large audiences greeted Revs. Cooper, Hamilton, Mallalieu, and McCabe, and the reader, Miss Belle Bacon. Chaplain McCabe crowded the church and delighted everybody with his "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison."

Brookfield. — Peace and prosperity exist. Dec. 7, about forty of the good people visited the parsonage, bringing a barrel of flour and other good things for family use, valued at about \$27. They were freely given and thankfully received. Dr. Mallalieu, abundant in labors for his district, lectured on Tuesday last to help pay the debt on the parsonage.

Norhampton. — Dec. 3, six were received by letter and one on probation. The pastor recently repeated his lecture, by request, on "From New England to Old England and Back Again." Revs. F. Woods, Sweetser, Titus, Morris and Fox are in the lecture course.

Williamsburg. — Dec. 3, five were received in full and two on probation. The Haydeville Congregational society invited this church to participate, by pastor and delegate, in the examination and installation of Rev. C. C. Bruce.

W.

Boston, Windrop Street. — The fair held by the ladies, in behalf of the Windrop Street M. E. Church debt, proved a decided success. Earnest efforts, patient endurance and self-denying zeal were the agents by which \$1,084.17 was raised. Thus the amount subscribed by the ladies (\$1,000) was more than met. They take this occasion to thank all who kindly aided to make the occasion one of success either by their contributions or their presence.

JOSEPH STETSON, Sec.

New Bedford, Allen Street. — Dec. 3 five persons were received by letter and one into full membership from probation. Nov. 26, the Bible school liquidated its indebtedness of \$81, much to the joy of all its members.

Cambridge, North Avenue. — Zion's Herald of Dec. 13 says of North Avenue Church, Cambridge, that it has raised for missions \$83, and that this is \$22 more than last year." A reference to the Minutes will show that this society is credited with \$81 as the missionary contribution for last year. Evidently, instead of raising \$22 more than last year, North Avenue has \$28 to add to this contribution before it will equal the total of last year's gift to missions. It is only just that this should be said. Now let me add that as I was preacher in charge at North Avenue last year, and know as to the ability of the people, I am prepared to assert that if the societies through the Conference will do as well as North Avenue does to raise even \$53, there will be an increase in the missionary contributions for the year. There are few societies in this Conference making more heroic efforts as to current finances, under the burden of a debt.

A. H. HERRICK.

Fall River. — The Methodist Episcopal churches held a union Thanksgiving service at North Main St. Church. There was a good congregation and a strong, helpful sermon by A. J. Church, D. D. His theme was "The government of God in the earth, and its ultimate universal triumph," with Acts 2: 21 and 1 Cor. 15: 25, for texts.

The regular monthly social gathering of ministers and their wives was with Bro. Taylor at the parsonage of St. Paul's Church, Dec. 4, and was a most enjoyable occasion.

The many friends of Bro. W. A. Luce are rejoiced to learn of his improving health, and earnestly hope that he may be able to resume work at the next session of our Conference. He returned to Fall River on Monday after an absence of some weeks, during which he has been visiting with his family in Connecticut.

On the first Sunday in December at First Church one was received on probation, and at North Main St. seven were received on probation; at Quarry St. two infants and four adults were baptized, and six were received into full connection. At St. Paul's fifteen have been taken on probation during the last two months.

VER.

MAINE.

Berry Beach. — Rev. Alva Hatch, one of the oldest members of the Maine Conference, has been very ill since Nov. 15, but is now slowly improving. It is a case of complete prostration. He says: "It is wonderful what peace of mind I have. Never before when sick have I had such perfect rest and peace in the Saviour."

The Methodist church building at Lisbon has been raised about two feet, and a convenient vestry built underneath. This not only gives the society a desirable place for social meetings, but greatly improves the external appearance of the edifice. Bro. Bisbee is laboring with great earnestness, and is appreciated by his people. He is also keeping his interest alive in the freedmen of the South, to whom he is sending books and clothes.

Lewiston is having a shaking on the subject of temperance and Sabbath desecration. A mass meeting is called by the leading citizens of the city in City Hall, on Tuesday, Dec. 19, to consider what can be done for the suppression of the evils of intemperance and Sabbath-breaking. The mayor is to preside.

Rev. A. S. Ladd, assisted by Dr. McEwen, of Portland, was to attack the

two excellent sermons in the M. E. Church, Phenix, and greatly delighted the people with his spirited and spiritual songs.

Rev. S. A. Burns, of Leominster, is laboring as an evangelist with the Hope St. M. E. Church, Providence.

Rev. T. J. Everett read an interesting paper on "Christianity and Benevolence" before the Methodist Ministers' Meeting in Providence, Dec. 4.

Dr. W. V. Morrison preached the Thanksgiving sermon at the Mathewson St. Church, where union services were held. X. Y. Z.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

*Gleanings.*—Three have been baptized and two received into full membership on the East Haverhill charge, and there are more to follow. They have made some repairs on the interior of the church, amounting to nearly a hundred dollars, and a lady of the congregation has donated a pulpit set costing another hundred.

Many will be glad to hear that there is likely to be a resurrection to a new life in North Salem. To all appearances it has been death-struck for some years. Congregations and prayer-meetings are now well attended. Two have been converted and are bearing testimony to Christ's saving power. The Sabbath-school is growing both in numbers and interest. The pastor's salary is paid to date, and the presiding elder is sure of his. The pastor has recently been "waited upon" by about forty of the people, who filled the larder with good things for Thanksgiving and enough to last until Christmas. All the indications point to a good work of grace in the near future.

The annual prize speaking at the Conference Seminary took place Friday evening, Nov. 24. The attendance was larger than at any previous time. The speakers did their work in a manner that was highly appreciated by the audience. Of the gentlemen, Charlie E. Copp, son of Rev. H. B. Copp, of the N. H. Conference, received the first prize. Of the ladies, Miss Julia A. Abbott, of Rumney, received the first prize, and Miss Jessie B. Clarke, of Auburn, the second. The productions were admirably rendered.

At Main Street, Nashua, several probationers were baptized and ten received into full membership the first Sabbath evening of this month. B.

**QUARTERLY MEETINGS.**

**PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.**

**JANUARY.**

Millville, 6, 7, p. m. Campello, 18.  
East Blackstone, 7, a. m. Providence, Abury, 20, 21.  
Woonsocket, 18. Hitt's Grove, 18.  
S. Wampanoag, 18. Nantasket & Hall, 23.  
North Stratford, 11. Scituate, 24.  
South Braintree, 12. Marshfield, 25.  
Holliston, 13, 14, a. m. West Duxbury, 16.  
Brookton, Central, 14, p. m. East Weymouth, 27.  
North Easton, 15. Lovell's Corner, 28.  
Brookton, West, 15. Rockland, 28, eve.  
Cocheset, 17. Hanover, 29.

**FEBRUARY.**

Providence, Broadway, 2. East Greenwich, 17, 18.  
Centerville, 3, 4, a. m. Hitt's Grove, 18.  
Phenix, 4, 5, a. m. Pawtucket, 19.  
District Association, 5, 25. Mansfield, First, Ch. 23.  
Providence, Chestnut, 6. East Weymouth, 27.  
" Trinity, 9. Emmanuel, 21.  
" St. 10, 11. Providence, Hope Street, 24, 25.  
" Little Compton, 26.  
Hwy. & Washington, 12. Portsmouth, 27.  
Westerly, 13. Middletown, 28.  
Hwy Valley, 16.

**MARCH.**

Drownville, 2. Pocomt, 18.  
Newport, First Church, 18.  
" 3, 4, a. m. Bristol, 17, 18.  
" Thianes St., 18. Warren, 19.  
South Somerset, 19. Central, 20, 21.  
Somerset, 8. Attleboro', 21.  
Prov. Cranston St., 9. Hebronville, 22.  
North Stratford, 11, a. m. Edgartown, 24, 25.  
N. Rehoboth, 11, p. m. Second Hill, 27.  
Maplefield, 13. Providence, St. Paul's, 28.

**M. J. TALBOT.**

Providence, Dec., 1882.

**CONCORD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.**

**DECEMBER.**

Swiftwater & Benton, 23.  
Piermont, 50, 31, a. m. Haverhill, 23, 31, p. m.  
" Jan. 1.

**JANUARY.**

North Haverhill, 2. Littleton, 18.  
North Monroe, 3. Bethlehem, 19.  
Lynn, 4. Jefferson, 20, 21, a. m.  
Lisbon, 5, 7, p. m. Lancaster, 21, p. m., 22.  
" 10, 11, a. m. Whitfield, 27, 28.  
Warren, 13, 14.

**FEBRUARY.**

Franklin Falls, 5, 4, a. m. Lake Village, 16.  
Tilton, 4, p. m. Glenham, 17, 18.  
East Tilton, 6. Lacomba, 19.  
Rumney, 10, 11, a. m. Sandwich, 24, 25, a. m.  
" 11, p. m. Mount Auburn, 25, p. m., 26.

**MARCH.**

Stark, 3, 4, a. m. Colebrook, 18, 23, p. m.  
Milan, 4, p. m. E. Columbia, 24, 25, 19.  
" 5, 6, a. m. S. Columbia, 25, p. m.  
Groton, 10, 11, a. m. " 27, 28, South Middleboro', 28.  
Stratford, 11, p. m., 12. S. Concord, 23.  
S. Columbia, 17, 18, a. m. S. Gilead, 31, Ap' 11, a. m.

**APRIL.**

Hooksett, 1, p. m. Concord, B. M. Ch., 4.  
" 1, eve, 2. " First Ch., 7, 8.  
Manchester, First Ch., 3. Fisherville, 11.  
" St. Paul's, 4. Cilechester, 14, 15, a. m.  
" People's M. Loudon, 15, p. m.

Let the presbytery be careful to take all the collections, and see that the trustees and committee have their reports ready (for the last Quar. Conf.)

**M. T. CILLEY.**

**NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.**

**JANUARY.**

South Abington, 18. Orleans, 18.  
Plymouth, 19. South Warwick, 18.  
5, Bryantville, 21, 22, Chatham, 24.  
6, 7, Bridgewater, 21, eve, E. Haverhill, 21.  
8, 9, 10, 11, a. m., 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 4

**Church Register.**

**HERALD CALENDAR.**

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness, every Monday, at 2:30 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall.  
Providence Dis. Min. Assn., at Ashbury Ch., Feb. 5-7  
New Bedford District Conference, at Taunton, First Church, Feb. 29-31

Conference,	Place of Session,	Date,	Bishop
New Eng. South'n,	Providence, April 4	Simpson	
New England,	Boston, April 4	Bowman	
Hampshire,	Innocent, April 18	Simmons	
Vermont,	St. Albans, April 18	Picks	
Maine,	Lewiston, April 25	Foster	
East Maine,	Scarsoort, May 2	Foster	

**THE CLAREMONT DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION** will hold its next meeting at the E. Church of Winchester, N. H., beginning Tuesday evening, Jan. 16, and closing Wednesday evening, the 17th. [Full programme next week.]

**NOTICE.**—The Committee on Memorial Honors in Yokohama, desirous of completing the summeary in order to secure the transfer of the honorary building to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society as early as possible, desire that all auxiliaries or individuals intending to contribute toward this object, shall do so at their earliest convenience. Nearly four hundred dollars are still needed. Send money to Mrs. J. P. MAGEE, Malden, Mass.  
Per order of Com.

**NOTICE.**—The New England Southern Convention Board of Church Extension will meet in the vestry of Matthews Street M. E. Church, Providence, on Monday, Jan. 15, at 12 m. All having business with the Board are invited by President D. A. JORDAN, Sec Conf. Board.

**NOTICE.**—The first lecture before the Alpha Chapter of Boston University in its mibura of the Faculty will be given by President W. E. Warrenton, D. D., at 1 Jacob Steeper Hall, Room 9, on Monday, Jan. 22, at 1 p. m. Subject, "Further Developments in Ancient Cosmology." Come prepared to take notes.

Next regular meeting, Jan. 8.  
J. D. PICKLES, Sec'y.

**Business Notices.**

**SARATOGA SPRINGS.**

**DRS. STROGG'S Remedial Institute. Open all the Year.**

Location delightful and central. Table and appointments first class. Bath department, complete and elegant, affording the only opportunity in Saratoga Springs for Turkish, Russian, Roman and Electrothermal baths. Society general and cultured. Summer resort of many eminent persons for rest and recreation.

**RULE TEMPERANCE.** Taught by the use of the Black-Valley railroad office lesson paintings. "Incomparable as an exhibition of truth,"—John R. Bugh. Loaned to Pastors and S. S. Superintendents for lectures and concerts. Write to W. HANKS, Boston.

**10 Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.**

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the colic, pain, cramps, dysentery and diarrhoea, griping, and in the bowels. It gives strength and health to the child it treats the mother. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

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In Northampton, Dec. 4, by Rev. Jonathan Neal, Charles D. Vary, of Harrisburgh, N. Y., and Miss Mary Olive Johnson, daughter of Harvey Johnson, of Harrisburgh, N. Y.

In N. Y., Jan. 1, by Rev. J. F. Mears, John W. Wentworth and Miss Clara C. Twindon, both of Lawrence, Mo.

In N. Y., James B. Fuller and Miss Annie M. LaRabee, both of N. Y.

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## The Family.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY E. H. A. B.

Down the ages eyes were watching,  
Watching for the coming dawn,  
Sires of old, and kings, and prophets,  
Praying for the blessed morn.

Lyres attuned by music's master,  
Breathed out harmonies sublime,  
Voicing from the heart of minstrel  
Yearnings for the glorious time.

Nearer comes the welcome dawning,  
How near is not theirs to tell,  
While from mountain, vale and rampart,  
Answers g g faith on night air fell.

Watching, waiting, never doubting,  
Through the long and changeful night  
Beams at last the Star of morning,  
Harbinger of clearer light.

Shepherds catch from heaven's hilltops  
Faint sweet from angel tongue,  
Sweeping nearer with its burden,  
"Peace on earth be sons among."

Blessed dawning! Well might seraph  
Flood this earth night-air with praise,  
For the precious world's Redeemer  
Utters in the day of days.

Broader, higher stretch the sunbeams,  
Gilding hilltops, mount and vale,  
Piercing palace, tent and temple,  
Telling shore and sea the tale.

Wondrous day with glad beginning,  
Wondrous power is coming forth,  
Blind eyes see and dull ears quicken,  
Dead ones live and sealed lips sing;

Tears are stilled, and prayer gains answer,  
Spirit anguish healing finds,  
Captives souls rejoice in freedom,  
Bearing forth their pardon signed.

Behold back, ye hills of heaven,  
Earth's refrain ascending now,  
Our Immanuel hath redeemed us,  
Unto Him we joyful bow."

—Wilbraham.

## THE CONSERVATORY PLAN OF INSTRUCTION

COMPARED WITH PRIVATE LESSONS.

BY WALTER SMITH.

As in all educational methods, there are good points and bad points in both, remembering the infinite variety in human character, and that one method may suit the same individual at one time, and not be suitable at another period of development. Perhaps the wisest plan of study will give opportunities in both class instruction and individual teaching, for they appeal to different faculties, and are useful in helping to unfold that compound thing which is called character.

Let us look, for a moment, at the use and abuse of each method of instruction. The student of any subject—art, science, music, literature or education—must study with much patience the phenomena of language and history of either, before sufficient vantage-ground can be secured upon which to build solid superstructures. In no one is there a royal road to success, and the frolics of real or assumed genius are poor substitutes for the love and labor which conscientious practice will require from the real student.

A certain amount of work has to be done by everybody in the acquisition of skill, which cannot be avoided, and for which there is no substitute possible. The self-taught, who have succeeded, have been merciless masters over themselves in this respect, and pupils who work under preceptors cannot shirk the ordeal of patient discipline. Language must be learned before it can be spoken, and grammar must be somehow acquired before oratory or literature are possible.

Let it be here remembered that language is the same for all; but what shall be said in that language concerns the individual only, and that we teach how to speak, not what shall be said. This indicates that up to a certain stage in education, during the time when a common language is being learned, the conservatory or class system is the most practical, for it lays the common foundation necessary to all—that of source and style of grammatical articulation; while it does not hinder the individual development which can only be secured by study and practice, and results in originality.

A teacher will teach what he knows, will show what he can do and how he does it, to all his pupils, whether in a class or to separate students, just so far as his work is based on legitimate and sound principles in education; but he is far more likely to generalize and make his instruction applicable to all when teaching several pupils in different degrees of development, to make prominent in fact the essentials of the art, and to make the individual differences of each pupil a matter of detail.

The reason for this is obvious. If he is giving a private lesson to one pupil, he must dilute his instruction with the deficiencies of his pupil, to assimilate it to that pupil's needs; and there is danger that the teacher may bow too sympathetically to the pupil, and thus encourage his weakness. But in a class, upon a proper system of class instruction, the teacher works only to impart the right way, irrespective of individualism, and thus holds up the ideal constantly, before weak and strong alike.

Every class will be upheld by the strength of its strongest member, and thus the weak are more liable to be influenced by the strong than the strong are liable to be depressed by the weak. This is the principle of the arch, in which several stones by union become stronger than one even larger stone, because each in its work has the support and strength of all the others to assist and strengthen its force. There is an impetus in a class, which carries along with it the faltering or imbecile, when the current has been reached. And the teacher feels it also, and is more

affected by the responsibility and importance of his task when he knows it must influence so many, having such varying characters and attainments to develop. These, then, are the strong arguments for the conservatory plan of instruction, viz., that the teacher will insist more upon essential principles which are equally important to all, in a class, than is possible while ministering to the weakness of one pupil; and, secondly, that the strength of the strong is more catching than the weakness of the weak, in education, if not in physical affections.

In private lessons, on the other hand, the teacher bows down before the pupil in the effort to be serviceable, and the great object of education, which is to develop the strength of the taught, runs the danger of being sacrificed to the reverence of making the pupil affect the manner of the master—a very temporary and unsatisfactory result. For instruction is to the pupil what a fertilizer is to a plant, and it is possible to over-develop and make a plant run to seed instead of making solid growth in youth and attaining flower and fruit at maturity from the unfolding of its own inherent power.

Another danger arising from the continued help given by the private teacher, is the destruction of self-reliance and self-help in the pupil. It is so much easier to be shown a thing than to find out how to do it for yourself; and when this clinging habit has been formed, the essentially student habit of vigorous experimenting is killed entirely.

There comes a time, necessarily, if the first steps have been well taken, when the student requires the best advice and almost private counsel from a master on his individual difficulties or mysteries, and then general or class instruction will not reach him; though even then it would be better for him to join a very advanced class of pupils who feel the same difficulties as he does, and see in such a class various ways of solving special troubles, than to borrow artificial help of a master, to save the exercise of analysis and comparison.

On the whole, class instruction, with practical demonstration by the teacher, is the most invigorating method of teaching, for it holds the teacher to the best standards, and protects the student from coddling and stunting his own powers. If both plans be pursued, the class lesson should invariably precede private instruction.

## GIFTS.

What shall I give to Thee, O Lord?  
The things that came of Thee,  
Laid softly on Thy cradle mat,  
Thy myrrh, and gums, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood;  
Thy scribes wrote Thy law;  
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,  
To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee our life and death;  
Our gift to man we give;  
Dear Lord, on this Thy day of birth,  
O, what dost Thou receive?

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things  
My store is scant and small;  
Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,  
Lord, I would give Thee all!

Show me Thyself in flesh once more;  
Thy feet long to be spread;  
To bring the water for Thy feet,  
The unguent for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights:  
"Unclasp these eyes and see,  
Glimpses of the things I love  
Thou givest unto Me."

—ROSS TERRY COOKE, in *Christmas Union*.

## HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO WOOD'S HOLLOW.

BY ELA C. G. PAGE.

Marion Richards shut the door of the little red school-house on Friday night with a sigh of relief. Two days' holiday—no more school until next Monday; and with a thankful feeling for her weekly rest, she went down the rough steps, worn by the feet of many generations, and at the foot was confronted by the snarled head and ungainly form of Joe Stone, the most ragged and unruly of her scholars.

He evidently had waited to speak to her.

"Well, Joe," said she wearily, "what is it now?"

He humbled at the sleeve of his ragged jacket for a moment, and worked his clumsy feet uneasily in the light snow. Then he broke forth,—"Teacher, what is Christmas, any how? Nan Jones said it comes week after next, and Lu Green said she had seen a tree on Christmas full of presents for everybody, but I ain't green enough to believe that, you bet; and he winked one eye and grinned at his hearer. "I told me I'd ask you, and they said I wasn't to do it. What is it, anyhow?" and he looked half defiantly, half sheepishly, into the lady's face.

"Do you mean to say no one has ever told you about Christmas—what it is—in all your life?" queried the astonished girl. "Did not ever your father or mother?" she stopped, for Joe had broken out into a chuckle.

"Well," drawled he, "seem my mother died when I was a baby, and she spends his time mostly in jail, you see they hadn't time to tell me; or maybe I was young I've forgot it, and he laughed again.

Marion looked at him—only twelve years old, no mother, and worse than no father! Somehow his ragged and dirty, that before had only disgusted her, now moved her to pity.

"Where do you live?" she asked him in a softer tone than ever had fallen on Joe Stone's ears before.

"Oh, the old shanty on the hill belongs to me. Granddad left it to me because he said I would spend it all, and live there and do chores for my meals when I can get 'em to do, and go without eating when I can't."

"Walk down my way with me," said Marion, turning abruptly to hide a sudden tear, "and I'll tell you all about Christmas," and for the first time Joe walked beside a nicely-dressed, lady-like woman, and heard, too, for the first time, the wonderful Christmas story,

told, as Marion Richards had the gift of telling a story, with force and pathos. At the close Marion bade the boy a kind "good-night" and went up the gravel walk to the little white cottage of the Widow Storrs, where she boarded, with a strange sort of pity stirring her heart for the boy who had never heard of Christmas.

"Mrs. Storrs," said she that evening, as the two lingered over their fragrant tea and smoking biscuit, "don't they ever keep Christmas here at Wood's Hollow?"

"Keep Christmas here!" said the widow with a strong emphasis on the last word. "Why, no! I used to when my Eddie was alive. He always hung up his stocking—oh, dear!" She wiped her eyes on her clean apron and began more briskly: "No; nobody here has any time or money to spend on Christmas. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, Joe Stone asked me about it; he knew nothing about it, nor any of the other boys here, and she was not much. Mrs. Storrs, why cannot we have a Christmas tree for them—the children, I mean?"

"How would you get your tree? And, Miss Richards, where would you put it? And how would you get the presents?" Mrs. Storrs became an interrogation point all at once.

"Oh, somebody would get it in the woods. I'd have it at the school-house. The presents I'd make," said Marion rising and answering all these questions briefly, and she sat down in a brown study.

When the widow sat down to her knitting she resumed the subject.

"There are only twelve scholars, and you would help me, wouldn't you, Mrs. Storrs? We could make a sort of party for each one and fill it with candy, and a little present besides, couldn't we?" and a coaxing tone and smile accompanied the words.

"Yes, I'll help, but you'd better have 'em here, so I can help make them behave."

"May I really have them here? That is just splendid! There are two weeks to work in. Let me see—mitten for Annette and Cora, that's what I can give Emma Jayne—oh, she wants everything—an apron, a pair of stockings, something to wear away. What on earth shall I give Lu Green? She is my best scholar, too big for dolls, and she has mittens. A book for Will and Ed each. I've just the right books at home, and I'll write to mother to send them. And Joe! Oh, dear! I wish there was a hardware store in Wood's Hollow!"

"What for?" said Mrs. Storrs, interested but somewhat bewildered by the energy and enthusiasm of Miss Marion.

"Oh, I heard Joe tell one of the boys the other day that he'd rather have a jack-knife than anything else in the world. He said he had never had one, and he is twelve years old."

"A knife?" said the widow slowly. She sat silent a moment, then rose, and taking a lamp from the shelf, went into an adjoining room. In a few moments she returned, bringing a long flat box which she placed in Marion's hand silently, and sat down in her accustomed place. Inside the box, which was opened by Marion's slender fingers, lay a pocket-knife, a perfect beauty—four-bladed, ivory-backed, sharp and bright.

"What do you mean by this?" queried Marion, her eyes aglow and her face kindling.

"It was bought for Eddie many years ago, a few weeks before Christmas, but he was brought home drownded before that day came, so he never saw it. It has been in my box ever since. You may have it for Joe. He is an orphan, and perhaps if his mother had lived, he would have been a better boy. She was a slippy sort of a thing, but she was pious. His father is a hard one. Will that do?" she asked with a smothered sigh.

"It is just the thing! How can I thank you!" exclaimed the delighted teacher. "Now Joe is provided for, and I will give Lu Green a picture of Evangeline that I have up in my trunk. She likes such pictures, and I have a lot of worsted, too, for the mittens and things. Mrs. Storrs, Wood's Hollow shall have one Christmas, any how!"

And as the clock struck nine, she rose, still holding the knife, and taking her lamp she bade the widow good night.

Upstairs she opened her trunk and took out the engraving of Evangeline, the poet's dream of matchless constancy, and soliloquized: "How shall I frame this? Just then she caught the glimmer of a picture frame hanging over her head. "I might take that, but my precious mamma deserves a golden frame; and yet Lucy never had a picture in her life, and she loves them so. I'll tell the story to them all about Evangeline. Yes, I'll take you out of your frame, mammy dear, and you shall have another one day. That's just right. Then there's that tidy I was making for Aunt Dell. She has hosts of ties. I'll give that to Ann Jones; she likes bright colors, and they have a parlor with the forlornest, homeliest old rocking-chair in it. I ever saw. I'll make it larger so as to hide as much of that horrid chair as possible. I must send to mother for colored paper for my horns of plenty and some other little fixings."

And she closed the trunk with a satisfied smile, and after a blessed chapter of the Book and a heartfelt prayer, the little teacher slept, to dream of gigantic Christmas trees and eager faces.

It was hard to say which were the more astonished, scholars or their parents, at the reception by each scholar of a nicely-written invitation to spend Christmas evening with their teacher at Mrs. Storrs. There were great debates over the proper answer to these invitations, which ended by following the advice of Lucy Green. Twelve answers exactly alike were sent to Miss Richards.

In various handwriting, from Joe Stone's scrawl to Mattie Jones' large printing capitals. They ran as follows, with different names:—

"Miss Lucy Green will be glad to visit Miss Marion G. Richards at Mrs. Storrs on Christmas."

"Your obedient servant," "LUCY GREEN."

The form of signing was a brilliant idea of Ann Jones, and was thought to give style and elegance to the whole composition.

None of the children ever forgot that evening. The parlor was trimmed with evergreens and hollyhock boughs. Marion had enlisted the two clerks in the one small store of the place into her service, and these, showing a suspicious readiness to oblige her, had brought a large load of Christmas greens to the house early in the morning. So the room was a woodland bower.

One mysterious corner was enclosed with a curtain of sheets, above which shot up tall green hemlock boughs. What it was no one knew, and they forgot to guess, as Miss Marion brought out a box of games borrowed from Mrs. Storrs for the occasion, and commenced to teach the elders to play them with her, after giving the younger ones a box of blocks with which to build houses and castles. After a few merry games with Miss Richards, Mrs. Storrs invited the set into the kitchen, where was a table set with cakes, oranges, saucers of milk, and in the center an enormous frosted cake, which had come to Marion in the box from her mother the day before, and on the top, in raised sugar letters, were the words, "Merry Christmas."

The delighted children sat down, and any one who knows children need not be told whether the cakes and oranges were taken off, and one given to each child. "To be kept to remember me by," Miss Marion said, giving one also to Mrs. Storrs and laying one by for herself. The cake was cut, a great part of it eaten, and then they went back to the parlor again. Mrs. Storrs had slipped quietly away a few moments before, and in the corner stood a small but beautiful tree, bright with colored horns of plenty and strings of popped corn, with a great gilt star on top and numerous bundles hanging amid its branches.

Lu whispered to Joe, "I told you folks had trees. That is Miss Richards'! Isn't she good to show it to us?"

Joe assented with a nod, and with the secret wish that he had a tree like it. But Miss Richards stepped to the tree, and taking off a parcel, read the name "Ann Jones." Ann stood bewildered; but with a smile and the words, "That is yours to keep, Ann, with a Merry Christmas," the bundle was placed in her hands. That was a fruitful tree. There was a present for every one (including Mrs. Storrs and Marion, who had each placed a gift for the other, secretly, on the tree), with a large horn of plenty full of mixed candy, a string of popped corn, and an orange apiece besides.

Then when the tree was empty there came a quiet hour of story-telling by Miss Richards, beginning with Evangeline and ending with the wonderful story of the manger at Bethlehem. Then Mrs. Storrs and Marion tied on little hoods, and buttoned saucers, and hunted up caps and overcoats, and with a kiss for the girls and a hearty hand shake for the boys, Christmas Day at Wood's Hollow was over. Joe lingered to the last, and as he raised his eyes at parting, with a suspicious moisture in them, he said, holding up the precious knife,—

"Miss Richards, I won't—never—he had no more, to pay for this;—and though the grammar was poor, the unimpeachable logic of decision on the knife, and he held it up as a precious knife."

"Many years afterwards, Marion, no longer Marion Richards met in a large gathering a tall, keen-looking man, who, after cordially shaking hands, said to her, "Miss Marion, do you remember the knife you gave me years ago? I have it still. I won to-day my first law case, and I want to tell you that my first desire to be somebody, and my first knowledge of Christ, came from you, as you sat telling the children of Wood's Hollow the story of Christian love of which you had just given us an example in our first Christmas tree."

And Marion answered him softly, "Ah, Joe; long and doing are the two powers that shall yet conquer this world for Christ."

—Watchman.

Christmas bells ring silvery music  
O'er the crystal snow,  
Mingling with the songs of memories  
Of the long ago.

Hears are glowing, and the trampings  
Of the restless feet  
Beat, in quickened time, their marches  
Through the busy street.

Merry, merry Christmas!  
King the joyful bells;  
Merry, merry Christmas!  
Down the valley swells.

Christmas trees, with treasure loaded,  
Bend their branches low,  
Yielding gifts which love has fashioned—  
May they ever grow!

Then again they say,  
"Merry, merry Christmas!"  
King the joyful bells;  
Merry, merry Christmas!  
Down the valley swells.

When the music all was ended,  
And the lights burned low,  
Then there came a little maiden  
O'er the frozen snow.

And she found a kindly shelter,  
For they bade her stay;  
Heard her story, sad and truthful—  
"Merry, merry Christmas,"

Since we have, with kindness,  
Cheered a saddened heart."

—Watchman.

Apologies were wasted a moment on a gospel of patch-work. Their two-fold text was "turn to the Lord," which meant repentance, and "cleave to the Lord," which meant a life of faith and holiness.—*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

## The Little Folks.

## THREE LITTLE STOCKINGS.

Three little stockings, dainty and small,  
Hanging about the fire-lit wall;  
Empty they're hanging, limp and still,  
Waiting for Santa Claus, ready to fill.

The Christmas log, now burning low,  
Closes by the room with its fitful glow,  
Reveals far back in the shadowy deep,  
Three little children fast asleep.

Over them bending, with happy smile  
Lighting her beautiful face the while,  
A mother is watching with loving care,  
Tenderly breathing for each a prayer.

At morning dawn three pairs of eyes  
Open and sparkle with glad surprise;  
For there, close against the chimney wall,  
Hang the three stockings, dainty and small.

No longer empty, and limp, and cold,  
But round and full as they can hold,  
And the three voices shout in childish delight,  
"Santa Claus did find our stockings last night!"

Three little stockings, knit of wool,  
Hang in the sunlight, round and full,  
Three little hearts are happy and light,  
Making one fireless joyous and bright.

Three little stockings, worn and old,  
Hanging against the chimney wall,  
Empty they're hanging limp and still,  
Waiting for Santa Claus, ready to fill.

The full moon through the window  
Streams, flooding the room with its pale, cold  
beams.  
Only an attic, plain and small,  
With a rude cot bed against the wall.

Three children's faces, round and fair,  
In innocent sleep are lying there;  
For there, close against the chimney wall,  
Hang the three stockings, empty and cold.

In one sad chorus the voices three  
Cry, "Santa Claus didn't remember me!"  
And the poor mother's heart sinks deep in despair  
At that pitiful wailing out on the air.

Three empty stockings! The tale that they  
Is known in many a home too well.  
Three little hearts are heavy with woe,  
To think that old Santa neglects them so.

O ye who have plenty, enough and to spare,  
Whose children know nothing of want or  
care,  
While making them happy, forget not to  
pray,

The children whose stockings are empty to-day,  
—*Christian Leader*.

## A LITTLE SANTA CLAUS.

He was like a "jumping-jack," only he had a bright face, full of thought, such as no jumping-jack could possibly have.

His bare hands were tucked away in the pockets of his patched and almost worn-out trousers. Although the cold wind made his little nose quite red, he did not seem to mind it; for he kept dancing back and forth, jumping first on one foot and then on the other, before the shop window, and repeating over and over—"Ten cents for Polly, and ten cents for Johnny, and twenty cents for mother!"

The crowds of people, all in a hurry, and all full of the Christmas joy, passed by, sometimes pausing against him, and sometimes hiding him away from the window and the pretty toys inside. Merry boys were talking in little groups, dressed in warm overcoats and mittens, whistling and laughing, but none could show a happier face than his. And sometimes they half stopped to wonder at him, as he hopped up and down on the sidewalk, and kept up an eager search with his eyes among the tempting Christmas toys. But he did not notice it. He only repeated—"Ten cents for Polly, and ten cents for Johnny, and twenty cents for mother!"

For a great many weeks he had been saving up his pennies; they were very scarce, and he worked hard to earn them. And it was cold weather; and it took a good many of the pennies to keep the good fire at home to make them all warm—Polly, and Johnny, and mother; and little Santa Claus himself. Yes, he had managed to save a few—one here, and another there, until his pocket jingled pleasantly that afternoon as he put his hand in it and jumped up and down before the shop window.

Wasn't it funny that his name should be Nicholas? He thought so. Some one in the mission school had told him the story of "St. Nicholas," the friend of the poor, and cried: the wonderful Saint Nicholas, who did so many kind deeds for those who were poor or in trouble.

"And now I shall be a St. Nicholas myself," he thought so very, as he clung to his pennies; "a real Santa Claus! and give them all a nice surprise—ten cents for Polly, and ten cents for Johnny, and twenty cents for mother!"

He could not decide what to buy, and that was why he stood in front of the window so long. A few doors back, at the baker's, he thought he had seen something for mother; but here, among the toys, he was quite puzzled.

You all know how pleasant it is to puzzle and think over such things; and so you may understand that Nicholas did not mind.

But it was getting nearly dark now, and the lamps were being lighted, so he must hurry.

All the streets were bright and busy. Everybody was joyful at the Christmas time. Several girls came along singing softly, as they never would have thought of doing at any other time:—

"Christ was born on Christmas Day,  
Weatle the holly, twine the bay."

They had been practicing their carols with the Sunday-school children; and how glad they looked, thinking of all the pleasant things that came with this dear Christmas-time! The church, so bright and sweet with its evergreen decorations; the kind faces of teachers and friends, who kept wonderful secrets; and the beautiful tree, with its lights and gifts; and the happy music, all about "peace and good-will," like the song the angels sang so long ago.

"Annie, do that little fellow! Isn't he funny?"

They had come up to where Nicholas stood, repeating his little calculation. "What is he saying? Isn't that a pretty ditty?"

One of them went nearer, trying to hear what he was saying. "You'll follow with the bright face was saying."

"Oh, come, Kitty! You'll get some-

thing prettier than that to-morrow, I expect."

Then they all turned to cross the street. And for a moment the small St. Nicholas forgot his own affairs as he watched them, and even followed, unconsciously, to the curbstone.

Only for a moment. It was such a moment as never came in any of their lives again!

The smallest of the girls, looking curiously back, and humming a carol to herself, did not see the two great horses and the heavy truck close upon her.

Perhaps the driver did not see her, either; she was so small, and the street was so crowded. But Nicholas did, and quick as a thought he had sprung toward her with a shout and caught the horses' heads. Such a little fellow, to think he could stop those great horses!

He only put himself there in front of her; and in that instant's check she had stepped beyond the danger. But he was thrown down, and one heavy wheel passed over him.

That was all; but it was the end of the Christmas calculations "for Polly and Johnny and mother."

There was a great crowd, and strong arms carried the brave St. Nicholas away from the street to see what could be done for him.

And in the crowd appeared the little girl's father, and he took her up, and there were tears on his cheeks; and she cried too, and hid her face in his arms, and said:—

"Oh, papa, he saved me! that little boy!"

They sent for a doctor; but when he came he shook his head and said that nothing could be done.

The "Christ-child," was at the door, and Nicholas was going away with him. There could not be a better Christmas for him than that, could there?

The girls gathered around him, and just once he opened his eyes, and, looking at Kitty, said:—

"It's in my pocket. Will you buy them for Polly and—Then his voice failed."

And Kitty answered:—

"Oh, yes, I will! I will buy something for them all!"

And so they did—she and her grateful father. Never had there been such generous Christmas gifts.

On Christmas morning three pairs of eyes opened in sorrowful, mute surprise; for there, close against the chimney wall, hang the three stockings, empty and cold.

In one sad chorus the voices three cry, "Santa Claus didn't remember me!"

And the poor mother's heart sinks deep in despair at that pitiful wailing out on the air.

Three empty stockings! The tale that they tell is known in many a home too well.

O ye who have plenty, enough and to spare, whose children know nothing of want or care, while making them happy, forget not to pray,

The children whose stockings are empty to-day,  
—*Christian Leader*.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

.... The proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar cooled.







